POEMS

By

ROBERT FERGUSSON

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BRITISH MUSEUM

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ERRATA.

P. 24. L. 10. *for* lowring, *read* lowing.
P. 33. L. 5. *for* ſwav'd, *read* ſwayed.
P. 50. L. 14. *for* ſuſpect, *read* ſuſpects.

Entered in Stationers Hall.

POEMS

ON

VARIOUS SUBJECTS.

****

ODE TO HOPE.

HOPE! lively chearer of the mind,
In lieu of real bliſs deſign'd,
Come from thy ever verdant bow'r
To chace the dull and ling'ring hour;
O! bring, attending on thy reign,
All thy ideal fairy train,
To animate the lifeleſs clay,
And bear my ſorrows hence away.

Hence gloomy featur'd black deſpair,
With all thy frantic furies fly,
Nor rend my breaſt with gnawing care,
For hope in lively garb is nigh;

Let pining diſcontentment mourn,
Let dull ey'd melancholy grieve,
Since pleaſing Hope muſt reign by turn,
And every bitter thought relieve.

O ſmiling Hope! in adverſe hour
I feel thy influencing power:
Though frowning Fortune fix my lot,
In ſome defenceleſs lonely cot,
Where poverty, with empty hands,
In pallid meagre aſpect ſtands;
Thou can'ſt enrobe me, 'midſt the great,
With all the crimſon pomp of ſtate,
Where luxury invites his gueſts
To pall them with his laviſh feaſts:
What cave ſo dark, what gloom ſo drear,
So black with horror, dead with fear!
But thou can'ſt dart thy ſtreaming ray,
And change cloſs night to open day.

Health

Health is attendant in thy radiant train,
Round her the whiſp'ring zephyrs gently play,
Behold her gladly tripping o'er the plain,
Bedeck'd with rural ſweets and garlands gay.

When vital ſpirits are depreſs'd
And heavy languor cloggs the breaſt,
Comforting Hope! 'tis thine to cure,
Devoid of Eſculapian power;
For oft thy friendly aid avails,
When all the ſtrength of phyſic fails.

Nay, even though death ſhould aim his dart,
I know he lifts his arm in vain,
Since thou this leſſon can'ſt impart,
Mankind but die to live again.

Depriv'd of thee muſt banners fall;
But where a living Hope is found,
The legions ſhout at danger's call,
And victors are triumphant crown'd.

Come then, bright Hope! in ſmiles array'd,
Revive us by thy quick'ning breath,
Then ſhall we never be afraid
To walk thro' danger, and thro' death.

A TALE.

THOSE rigid pedagogues and fools,
Who walk by ſelf-invented rules,
Do often try, with empty head,
The emptier mortals to miſlead,
And fain would urge, that none but they
Could rightly teach the A, B, C;
On which they've got an endleſs comment,
To trifling minds of mighty moment,
Throwing ſuch barriers in the way
Of thoſe who genius diſplay,
As often, ah! too often, teaſe
Them out of patience, and of fees,
Before they're able to explode
Obſtructions, thrown on learning's road.
May mankind all employ their tools,
To baniſh pedantry from ſchools,
And may each pedagogue avail,
By liſt'ning to the after tale.

Wiſe Mr BIRCH had long intended
The alphabet ſhould be amended,
And taught that H a breathing was,
Ergo he ſaw no proper cauſe,

Why

Why ſuch a letter ſhould exiſt:
Thus in a breath was he diſmiſs'd,
With, "O beware, beware, O youth!
Take not the villain in your mouth."

One day this alphabetic ſinner
Was eager to devour his dinner,
When to appeaſe the craving glutton,
His boy *Tom* produc'd the mutton.

Was ſuch diſaſter ever told?
Alas! the meat was deadly cold!
Here take and h—eat it, ſays the maſter;
Quoth Tom, that ſhall be done, and faſt, Sir:
And few there are who will diſpute it,
But he went inſtantly about it;
For *Birch* had ſcorn'd the H to ſay,
And blew him with a puff away.

The bell was rung with dread alarm;
"Bring me the mutton, is it warm?"
Sir you deſir'd, and I have eat it;
"You lie, my orders were to heat it."
Quoth Tom, I'll readily allow
That H is but a breathing now.

EXTEMPORE,

On being aſked which of three Siſters was the moſt beautiful.

WHEN *Paris* gave his voice in Ida's grove,
For the reſiſtleſs Venus, queen of love,
'Twas no great taſk to paſs a judgment there,
Where ſhe alone was exquiſitely fair;
But here what could his ab'leſt judgment teach,
When wiſdom, power, and beauty reign in each;
The youth nonplus'd behov'd to join with me,
And wiſh the apple had been cut in three.

THE RIVERS OF SCOTLAND.

AN ODE.

Set to Muſic by Mr COLLETT.

O'ER SCOTIA's parched land the NAIADS flew,
From towering hills explor'd her ſhelter'd vales,
Caus'd FORTH in wild meanders pleaſe the view,
And lift her waters to the zephyrs gales.

Where

Where the glad ſwain ſurveys his fertile fields,
And reaps the plenty which his harveſt yields.

Here did thoſe lovely nymphs unſeen,
Oft wander by the river's ſide,
And oft unbind their treſſes green,
To bathe them in the fluid tide.

Then to the ſhady grottos would retire,
And ſweetly echo to the warbling choir;

Or to the ruſhing waters tune their ſhells
To call up echo from the woods,
Or from the rocks, or chryſtal floods,
Or from ſurrounding banks, or hills, or dales.

CHORUS.

Or to the ruſhing waters tune their ſhells,
To call up echo from the woods,
Or from the rocks or chryſtal floods,
Or from ſurrounding banks, or hills, or dales.

When the cool fountains firſt their ſprings forſook,
Murmuring ſmoothly to the azure main,
Exulting *Neptune* then his trident ſhook,
And wav'd his waters gently to the plain.

The friendly Tritons on his chariot born,
With cheeks dilated blew the hollow-ſounding horn.

Now *Lothian* and *Fifan* ſhores,
Reſounding to the mermaids ſong,
Gladly emit their limpid ſtores,
And bid them ſmoothly ſail along
To Neptune's empire, and with him to roll
Round the revolving ſphere from pole to pole;

To guard *Britannia* from envious foes,
To view her angry vengeance hurl'd
In awful thunder round the world,
And trembling nations bending to her blows.

CHORUS.

To guard Britannia from envious foes,
To view her angry vengeance hurl'd,
In awful thunder round the world,
And trembling nations bending to her blows.

High towering on the zephyrs breezy wing,
Swift fly the *Naiades* from FORTHA's ſhores,
And to the ſouthern airy mountains bring
Their ſweet enchantment, and their magic powers.

Each

Each nymph her favourite willow takes,
The earth with fev'rous tremor ſhakes,
The ſtagnant lakes obey their call,
Streams o'er the graſſy paſtures fall.

TWEED ſpreads her waters to the lucid ray,
Upon the dimpled ſurf the ſun-beams play:

On her green banks the tuneful ſhepherd lies,
Charm'd with the muſic of his reed,
Amidſt the wavings of the Tweed:
From ſky-reflecting ſtreams the river nymphs ariſe.

CHORUS.

On her green banks the tuneful ſhepherd lies,
Charm'd with the muſic of his reed,
Amidſt the wavings of the Tweed,
From ſky-reflecting ſtreams the river nymphs ariſe.

The liſt'ning muſes heard the ſhepherd play,
Fame with her brazen trump proclaim'd his name,
And to attend the eaſy graceful lay,
PAN from *Arcadia* to Tweda came.

Fond of the change, along the banks he ſtray'd,
And ſung unmindful of th' Arcadian ſhade.

AIR, TWEEDSIDE.

I.

Attend every fanciful ſwain,
Whoſe notes ſoftly flow from the reed,
With harmony guide the ſweet ſtrain,
To ſing of the beauties of Tweed.

II.

Where the muſic of woods, and of ſtreams
In ſoothing ſweet melody join,
To enliven your paſtoral themes,
And make human numbers divine.

CHORUS.

Ye warblers from the vocal grove,
The tender woodland ſtrain approve,
While Tweed in ſmoother cadence glides,
O'er flow'ry vales in gentle tides;
And as ſhe rolls her ſilver waves along,
Murmurs and ſighs to quit the rural ſong.
SCOTIA'S great GENIUS in *ruſſet* clad,
From the cool ſedgy bank exalts her head,

In

In joyful rapture ſhe the change eſpies,
Sees living ſtreams deſcend, and groves ariſe.

AIR, GILDEROY.

I.

As ſable clouds at early day
Oft dim the ſhining ſkies,
So gloomy thoughts create diſmay
And luſtre leaves her eyes.

II.

" Ye powers! are Scotia's ample fields
" With ſo much beauty grac'd,
" To have thoſe ſweets your bounty yields,
" By foreign foes defac'd?

III.

" O Jove! at whoſe ſupreme command
" The limpid fountains play,
" O'er *Caledonia's* northern land *,
" Let reſtleſs waters ſtray.

" Since

* Though Scotland and Caledonia are generally held as ſynonimous terms, yet there is a diſtinction: For of old, when the Picts inhabited this country, that part of it was only called Caledonia which lay to the northward of the *Tay*, which river is ſaid to have been the boundary of the Roman conqueſts.

IV.

" Since from the void creation roſe,
" Thou'ſt made a ſacred vow,
" That *Caledon* to foreign foes
" Should ne'er be known to bow."

The mighty Thund'rer on his ſaphire throne,
In mercy's robes attir'd, heard the ſweet voice
Of female woe—ſoft as the moving ſong
Of Philomela 'midſt the evening ſhades;
And thus return'd an anſwer to her pray'rs:

" Where birks at nature's call ariſe;
" Where fragrance hails the vaulted ſkies;
" Where my own oak its umbrage ſpreads,
" Delightful 'midſt the woody ſhades;
" Where ivy mould'ring rocks entwines;
" Where breezes bend the lofty pines:
" There ſhall the laughing NAIADS ſtray,
" 'Midſt the ſweet banks of winding Tay."

From the dark womb of earth Tay's waters ſpring,
Ordain'd by Jove's unalterable voice;
The ſounding lyre celeſtial muſes ſtring,
The choiring ſongſters in the groves rejoice.

Each

Each fount its chryſtal fluids pours,
Which from ſurrounding mountains flow;
The river baths its verdant ſhores,
Cool o'er the ſurf the breezes blow.

Let England's ſons extoll their gardens fair,
Scotland may freely boaſt her gen'rous ſtreams,
Their ſoil more fertile and their milder air,
Her fiſhes ſporting in the ſolar beams.

Thames, Humber, Severn, all muſt yield the bay
To the pure ſtreams of Forth, of Tweed, and Tay.

CHORUS.

Thames, Humber, Severn, all muſt yield the bay
To the pure ſtreams of Forth, of Tweed, and Tay.

O Scotia! when ſuch beauty claims,
A manſion near thy flowing ſtreams,
Ne'er ſhall ſtern Mars in iron car,
Drive his proud courſers to the war:
But fairy forms ſhall ſtrew around
Their olives on the peaceful ground;
And turtles join the warbling throng,
To uſher in the morning ſong.

Or ſhout in chorus all the live-long day,
From the green banks of Forth, of Tweed,
and Tay.

When gentle Phœbe's friendly light
In ſilver radiance clothes the night;
Still muſic's ever varying ſtrains
Shall tell the lovers, Cynthia reigns;
And wooe them to her midnight bowers,
Among the fragrant dew-clad flowers,
Where every rock, and hill, and dale,
With echoes greet the nightingale,
Whoſe pleaſing, ſoft, pathetic tongue,
To kind condolance turns the ſong;

And often wins the love-ſick ſwain to ſtray
To hear the tender variegated lay,
Thro' the dark woods of Forth, of Tweed,
and Tay.

Hail, native ſtreams, and native groves!
Oozy caverns, green alcoves!
Retreats for Cytherea's reign,
With all the graces in her train.
Hail, Fancy, thou whoſe ray ſo bright
Diſpels the glimm'ring taper's light!

Com

Come in aerial veſture blue,
Ever pleaſing, ever new,
In theſe receſſes deign to dwell
With me in yonder moſs-clad cell:

Then ſhall my reed ſucceſsful tune the lay,
In numbers wildly warbling as they ſtray
Thro' the glad banks of Fortha, Tweed, and
Tay.

The TOWN *and* COUNTRY CONTRASTED.

In an EPISTLE *to a* FRIEND.

FROM noiſy buſtle, from contention free,
Far from the buſy town I careleſs loll,
Not like ſwain *Tityrus*, or the bards of old,
Under a beechen, venerable ſhade;
But on a furzy heath, where blooming broom,
And thorny whins the ſpacious plains adorn:
Here health ſits ſmiling on my youthful brow;
For 'ere the ſun beams forth his earlieſt ray,
And all the eaſt with yellow radiance crowns;
E'er dame Aurora, from her purple bed,
'Gins with her kindling bluſh to paint the ſky,
The ſoaring lark, morn's chearful harbinger,

And linnet joyful flutt'ring from the buſh,
Stretch their ſmall throats in vocal melody,
To hail the dawn, and drowſy ſleep exhale
From man, frail man! on downy ſoftneſs
ſtretch'd.

Such pleaſing ſcenes *Edina* cannot boaſt;
For there the ſlothful ſlumber ſeal'd mine eyes,
Till nine ſucceſſive ſtrokes the clock had knell'd.
There not the lark, but fiſhwives noiſy ſcreams,
And inundations plung'd from ten houſe height,
With ſmell more fragrant than the ſpicy groves
Of *Indus*, fraught with all her orient ſtores,
Rous'd me from ſleep; not ſweet refreſhing
ſleep,
But ſleep infeſted with the burning ſting
Of *bug* infernal, who the live-long night
With direſt ſuction ſipp'd my liquid gore.
There gloomy vapours in our zenith reign'd,
And fill'd with irkſome peſtilence the air.
There ling'ring ſickneſs held his feeble court,
Rejoicing in the havock he had made;
And Death, grim Death! with all his ghaſtly
train,
Watch'd the broke ſlumbers of Edina's ſons.

Hail,

Hail, roſy Health! thou pleaſing antidote
'Gainſt troubling cares! all hail, theſe rural fields,
Thoſe winding rivulets, and verdant ſhades,
Where thou the heav'n-born Goddeſs deign'ſt to dwell!
With thee the hind, upon his ſimple fare,
Lives chearful, and from heaven no more demands.
But ah! how vaſt, how terrible the change
With him who night by night in ſickneſs pines!
Him nor his ſplendid equipage can pleaſe,
Nor all the pageantry the world can boaſt;
Nay, not the conſolation of his friends
Can ought avail: his hours are anguiſh all,
Nor ceaſe till envious death hath clos'd the ſcene.

But, *Carlos*, if we court this maid celeſtial,
Whether we thro' meand'ring rivers ſtray,
Or 'midſt the city's jarring noiſe remain,
Let temperance, health's blyth concomitant,
To our deſires and appetites ſet bounds,
Elſe, cloy'd at laſt, we ſurfeit every joy;
Our ſlack'ned nerves reject their wonted ſpring;

We reap the fruits of our unkindly luſts,
And feebly totter to the ſilent grave.

ODE TO PITY.

TO what ſequeſter'd gloomy ſhade
Hath ever gentle Pity ſtray'd?
What brook is water'd from her eyes?
What gales convey her tender ſighs?
Unworthy of her grateful lay,
She hath deſpis'd the great, the gay;
Nay, all the feelings ſhe imparts
Are far eſtrang'd from human hearts.

Ah Pity! whither would'ſt thou fly
From human heart, from human eye?
Are deſart woods and twilight groves
The ſcenes the ſobbing pilgrim loves?
If there thou dwell'ſt, O Pity! ſay
In what lone path you penſive ſtray.
I'll know thee by the lily's hue,
Beſprinkl'd with the morning's dew:
For thou wilt never bluſh to wear
The pallid look and falling tear.

In

In broken cadence from thy tongue,
Oft have we heard the mournful ſong;
Oft have we view'd the loaded bier
Bedew'd with pity's ſofteſt tear.
Her ſighs and tears were ne'er deny'd,
When innocence and virtue died.
But in this black and iron age,
Where vice and all his dæmons rage,
Though bells in ſolemn peal are rung,
Though dirge in mournful verſe is ſung;
Soon will the vain parade be o'er,
Their name, their memory no more:
Who love and innocence deſpis'd,
And ev'ry virtue ſacrific'd.
Here Pity, as a ſtatue dumb,
Will pay no tribute to the tomb;
Or wake the memory of thoſe
Who never felt for others woes.

Thou miſtreſs of the feeling heart!
Thy pow'rs of ſympathy impart.
If mortals would but fondly prize
Thy falling tears, thy paſſing ſighs,
Then ſhould wan poverty no more
Walk feebly from the rich man's door;

Humility ſhould vanquiſh pride,
And vice be drove from virtue's ſide:
Then happineſs at length ſhould reign,
And golden age begin again.

SONG.

AMIDST a roſy bank of flowers,
Young Damon mourn'd his forlorn fate;
In ſighs he ſpent his languid hours,
And breath'd his woes in lonely ſtate.

Gay joy no more ſhall cheer his mind,
No wanton ſports can ſooth his care,
Since ſweet Amanda prov'd unkind,
And left him full of bleak deſpair.

His looks that were as freſh as morn
Can now no longer ſmiles impart;
His penſive ſoul, on ſadneſs born,
Is rack'd and torn by Cupid's dart.

Turn, fair Amanda! cheer your ſwain,
Unſhroud him from his veil of woe;
Range every charm to eaſe the pain
That in his tortur'd breaſt doth grow.

PASTORAL I.

MORNING.

DAMON. ALEXIS.

DAMON.

AURORA now her welcome viſit pays,
Stern darkneſs flies before her cheerful rays;
Cool circling breezes whirl along the air,
And early ſhepherds to the fields repair,
Lead we our flocks then to the mountains brow,
Where junipers and thorny brambles grow,
Where fonts of water 'midſt the daiſies ſpring,
And ſoaring Larks, and tuneful Linnets ſing;
Your pleaſing ſong ſhall teach our flocks to ſtray,
While ſounding echoes ſmooth the ſilvan lay.

ALEXIS.

'Tis thine to ſing the graces of the morn,
The zephyr trembling o'er the ripening corn:
'Tis thine with eaſe to chant the rural lay,
While bubbling fountains to your numbers play.

No piping ſwain that treads the verdant field,
But to your muſic, and your verſe muſt yield;
Sing then; for here, we may with ſafety keep,
Our ſportive lambkins on this moſſy ſteep.

DAMON.

With ruddy glow the Sun adorns the land,
The pearly dew-drops on the buſhes ſtand;
The lowing oxen from the folds we hear,
And ſnowy flocks upon the hills appear.

ALEXIS.

How ſweet the murmurs of the neighbouring rill!
Sweet are the ſlumbers which its floods diſtill:
Thro' peebly channels winding as they run,
And brilliant ſparkling to the riſing ſun.

DAMON.

Behold Edina's lofty turrets riſe,
Her ſtructures fair adorn the eaſtern ſkies;
As Pentland cliffs o'ertop yon diſtant plain,
So ſhe the cities on our north domain.

ALEXIS.

Boaſt not of cities, or their lofty towers,
Where diſcord all her baneful influence pours,

The

The homely cottage, and the wither'd tree,
With ſweet content ſhall be preferr'd by me.

DAMON.

The Hemlock dire ſhall pleaſe the heifers taſte,
Our lands like wild *Arabia* be waſte;
The bee forget to range for winter's food,
'Ere I forſake the foreſt and the flood.

ALEXIS.

Ye balmy breezes, wave the verdant field,
Clouds all your bounties, all your moiſture yield:
That fruits and herbage may our farms adorn,
And furrowed ridges teem with loaded corn.

DAMON.

The year already hath propitious ſmil'd,
Gentle in ſpring-time, and in ſummer mild;
No cutting blaſts have hurt my tender dams,
No hoary froſts deſtroy'd my infant lambs.

ALEXIS.

If Ceres crown with joy the bounteous year,
A ſacred altar to her ſhrine I'll rear;
A vig'rous ram ſhall bleed, whoſe curling horns,
His wooly neck and hardy front adorns.

DAMON.

DAMON.

Teach me, O *Pan*! to tune the ſlender reed,
No fav'rite ram ſhall at thine altars bleed;
Each breathing morn thy woodland verſe I'll ſing,
And hollow dens ſhall with the numbers ring.

ALEXIS.

Apollo, lend me thy celeſtial lyre,
The woods in concert join at thy deſire:
At morn, at noon, at night, I'll tune the lay,
And bid fleet echo bear the ſound away.

DAMON.

Sweet are the breezes when cool eve returns,
To lowring herds when raging Syrius burns:
Not half ſo ſweetly winds the breeze along,
As does the murmur of your pleaſing ſong.

ALEXIS.

To hear your ſtrains the cattle ſpurn their food,
The feather'd ſongſters leave their tender brood;
Around your ſeat the ſilent lambs advance,
And ſcrambling he-goats on the mountains dance,

DAMON.

DAMON.

But haſte, *Alexis*, reach yon leafy ſhade,
Which mantling ivy round the oaks hath made;
There we'll retire, and liſt the warbling note
That flows melodious from the blackbird's throat;
Your eaſy numbers ſhall his ſongs inſpire,
And every warbler join the general choir.

PASTORAL II.

NOON.

CORYDON. TIMANTHES.

CORYDON.

THE ſun the ſummit of his orb hath gain'd,
No flecker'd clouds his azure path hath ſtain'd;
Our pregnant ewes around us ceaſe to graze,
Stung with the keenneſs of his ſultry rays;
The weary bullock from the yoke is led,
And youthful ſhepherds from the plains are fled

To duſky ſhades, where ſcarce a glimmering ray
Can dart its luſtre through the leafy ſpray.
Yon cooling riv'let where the waters gleam,
Where ſpringing flowers adorn the limpid ſtream,
Invites us where the drooping willow grows
To guide our flocks, and take a cool repoſe.

TIMANTHES.

To thy advice a grateful ear I'll lend,
The ſhades I'll court where ſlender oſiers bend;
Our weanlings young ſhall crop the riſing flower,
While we retire to yonder twining bower;
The woods ſhall echo back thy cheerful ſtrains,
Admir'd by all our Caledonian ſwains.

CORYDON.

There have I oft with gentle *Delia* ſtray'd,
Amidſt th' embowering ſolitary ſhade;
Before the gods to thwart my wiſhes ſtrove,
By blaſting every pleaſing glimpſe of love:
For Delia wanders o'er the *Anglian* plains,
Where civil diſcord and ſedition reign.

There

There Scotia's ſons in odious light appear,
Tho' we for them have wav'd the hoſtile ſpear:
For them my ſire, enwrapp'd in curdled gore,
Breath'd his laſt moments on a foreign ſhore.

TIMANTHES.

Six lunar months, my friend, will ſoon expire,
And ſhe return to crown your fond deſire.
For her! O rack not your deſponding mind!
In Delia's breaſt a gen'rous flame's confin'd,
That burns for Corydon, whoſe piping lay
Hath caus'd the tedious moments ſteal away:
Whoſe ſtrains melodious mov'd the falling floods
To whiſper Delia to the riſing woods.
O! if your ſighs could aid the floating gales,
That favourable ſwell her lofty ſails;
Ne'er ſhould your ſobbs their rapid flight give o'er
Till Delia's preſence grac'd our northern ſhore.

CORYDON.

Though Delia greet my love I ſigh in vain,
Such joy unbounded can I ne'er obtain.

Her ſire a thouſand fleeces numbers o'er,
And graſſy hills increaſe his milky ſtore;
While the weak fences of a ſcanty fold
Will all my ſheep and fattening lambkins hold.

TIMANTHES.

Ah, hapleſs youth! although the early muſe
Painted her ſemblance on thy youthful brows;
Though ſhe with laurels twin'd thy temples round,
And in thy ear diſtill'd the magic ſound;
A cheerleſs poverty attends your woes,
Your ſong melodious unrewarded flows.

CORYDON.

Think not, *Timanthes*, that for wealth I pine,
Though all the fates to make me poor combine,
Tay bounding o'er his banks with awleſs ſway,
Bore all my corns—— all my flocks away.
Of Jove's dread precepts did I 'ere complain?
'Ere curſe the rapid flood or daſhing rain?
Ev'n now I ſigh not for my former ſtore,
But wiſh the gods had deſtin'd Delia poor.

TIMANTHES.

TIMANTHES.

'Tis joy, my friend, to think I can repay
The loſs you bore by autumn's rigid ſway.
Yon fertile meadow where the daiſies ſpring,
Shall yearly paſture to your heifers bring:
Your flock with mine ſhall on yon mountain feed,
Cheer'd by the warbling of your tuneful reed:
No more ſhall Delia's ever fretful ſire
Againſt your hopes and ardent love conſpire.
Rous'd by her ſmiles you'll tune the happy lay,
While hills reſponſive waft your ſongs away.

CORYDON.

May plenteous crops your irkſome labour crown,
May hoodwink'd fortune ceaſe her envious frown;
May riches ſtill increaſe with growing years;
Your flocks be numerous as your ſilver hairs.

TIMANTHES.

But lo! the heats invite us at our eaſe
To court the twining ſhades and cooling breeze;

Our languid joints we'll peaceably recline,
And 'midſt the flowers and opening bloſſoms dine.

PASTORAL III.

NIGHT.

AMYNTAS. FLORELLUS.

AMYNTAS.

WHILE yet gray twilight does his empire hold,
Drive all our heifers to the peaceful fold;
With ſullied wing grim darkneſs ſoars along,
And larks to nightingales reſign the ſong:
The weary ploughman flies the waving fields,
To taſte what fare his humble cottage yields:
As bees that daily thro' the meadows roam,
Feed on the ſweets they have prepar'd at home.

FLORELLUS.

FLORELLUS.

The graſſy meads that ſmil'd ſerenely gay,
Cheer'd by the everburning lamp of day;
In duſky hue attir'd, are cramp'd with colds,
And ſpringing flow'rets ſhut their crimſon folds.

AMYNTAS.

What awful ſilence reigns throughout the ſhade,
The peaceful olive bends his drooping head;
No ſound is heard o'er all the gloomy maze,
Wide o'er the deep the fiery meteors blaze.

FLORELLUS.

The weſt yet ting'd with *Sol's* effulgent ray,
With feeble light illumes our homeward way;
The glowing ſtars with keener luſtre burn,
While round the earth their glowing axles turn.

AMYNTAS.

What mighty power conducts the ſtars on high!
Who bids theſe comets thro' our ſyſtem fly!

Who

Who wafts the light'ning to the icy pole!
And thro' our regions bids the thunders roll!

FLORELLUS.

But ſay, what mightier power from nought could raiſe
The earth, the ſun, and all that fiery maze
Of diſtant ſtars that gild the azure ſky,
And thro' the void in ſettled orbits fly?

AMYNTAS.

That righteous power, before whoſe heavenly eye
The ſtars are nothing, and the planets die;
Whoſe breath divine ſupports our mortal frame,
Who made the lion wild, and lambkin tame.

FLORELLUS.

At his command the bounteous ſpring returns;
Hot ſummer, raging o'er th' Atlantic burns;
The yellow autumn crowns our ſultry toil,
And winter's ſnows prepare the cumb'rous ſoil.

AMYNTAS.

AMYNTAS.

By him the morning darts her purple ray;
To him the birds their early homage pay;
With vocal harmony the meadows ring,
While ſwains in concert heav'nly praiſes ſing.

FLORELLUS.

Swav'd by his word the nutrient dews deſcend,
And growing paſtures to the moiſture bend;
The vernal bloſſoms ſip his falling ſhowers;
The meads are garniſh'd with his opening flowers.

AMYNTAS.

For *man*, the object of his chiefeſt care,
Fowls he hath form'd to wing the ambient air,
For him the *ſteer* his luſty neck doth bend;
Fiſhes for him their ſcaly fins extend.

FLORELLUS.

Wide o'er the orient ſky the moon appears,
A foe to darkneſs and his idle fears;

Around

Who wafts the light'ning to the icy pole!
And thro' our regions bids the thunders roll!

FLORELLUS.

But ſay, what mightier power from nought could raiſe
The earth, the ſun, and all that fiery maze
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FLORELLUS.

Wide o'er the orient ſky the moon appears,
A foe to darkneſs and his idle fears;

Around

Around her orb the ſtars in cluſters ſhine.
And diſtant planets tend her ſilver ſhrine.

AMYNTAS.

Huſh'd are the buſy numbers of the day;
On downy couch they ſleep their hours away;
Hail, balmy ſleep, that ſoothes the troubled mind!
Lock'd in thy arms, our cares a refuge find.
Oft do you tempt us with deluſive dreams,
When wild'ring fancy darts her dazzling beams;
Aſleep the lover with his miſtreſs ſtrays
Thro' lonely thickets and untrodden ways;
But when pale Cynthia's ſable empire's fled,
And hovering ſlumbers ſhun the morning bed,
Rous'd by the dawn, he wakes with frequent ſigh,
And all his flattering viſions quickly fly.

FLORELLUS.

Now *owls* and *batts* infeſt the midnight ſcene,
Dire ſnakes invenom'd twine along the green;

Forſook

Forſook by man the rivers mourning glide,
And groaning echoes ſwell the noiſy tide,
Straight to our cottage let us bend our way;
My drowſy powers confeſs ſleep's magic ſway.
Eaſy and calm upon our couch we'll lie,
While ſweet reviving ſlumbers round our pillows fly.

THE SIMILE.

AT noontide as *Colin* and *Silvia* lay
Within a cool jeſſamine bower,
A *butterfly*, wak'd by the heat of the day,
Was ſipping the juice of each flower.

Near the ſhade of this covert a young ſhepherd boy,
The gaudy briſk flutterer ſpies,
Who held it as paſtime to ſeek and deſtroy
Each beautiful inſect that flies.

From the lily he hunted this fly to the roſe,
From the roſe to the lily again,
Till weary with tracing its motions he choſe
To leave the purſuit with diſdain.

Then

Then Colin to Sylvia ſmilingly ſaid,
Amyntor has follow'd you long,
From him like the butterfly ſtill have you fled,
Though woo'd by his muſical tongue.

Beware in perſiſting to ſtart from his arms,
But with his fond wiſhes comply;
Come take my advice; or he's pall'd with your
charms,
Like the youth and the beautiful fly.

Says Sylvia, Colin, thy ſimile's juſt,
But ſtill to Amyntor I'm coy;
For I vow ſhe's a ſimpleton blind that would
truſt
A ſwain, when he courts to deſtroy.

THE COMPLAINT.

A PASTORAL.

NEAR the heart of a fair ſpreading grove,
Whoſe foliage ſhaded the green,
A ſhepherd, repining at love,
In anguiſh was heard to complain.

O Cupid! thou wanton young boy!
Since, with thy inviſible dart,
Thou haſt robb'd a fond youth of his joy,
In return grant the wiſh of his heart.

Send a ſhaft ſo ſevere from thy bow
(His pining, his ſighs to remove),
That STELLA, once wounded, may know
How keen are the arrows of love.

No ſwain once ſo happy as I,
Nor tun'd with more pleaſure the reed;
My breaſt never vented a ſigh,
Till STELLA approach'd the gay mead.

With mirth, with contentment endow'd,
My hours they flew wantonly by;
I ſought no repoſe in the wood,
Nor from my few ſheep would I fly.

Now my reed have I careleſsly broke,
Its melody pleaſes no more;
I pay no regard to a flock
That ſeldom hath wander'd before.

O STELLA! whoſe beauty ſo fair
Excells the bright ſplendor of day,
Ah! have you no pity to ſhare
With DAMON thus fall'n to decay?

For you have I quitted the plain,
Forſaken my ſheep and my fold;
For you in dull languor and pain,
My tedious moments are told.

For you have my roſes grown pale,
They have faded untimely away;
And will not ſuch beauty bewail
A ſhepherd thus fall'n to decay.

Since your eyes ſtill requite me with ſcorn,
And kill with their mercileſs ray,
Like a ſtar at the dawning of morn,
I fall to their luſtre a prey.

Some ſwain who ſhall mournfully go
To whiſper love's ſighs to the ſhade,
Will happ'ly ſome charity ſhow,
And under the turf ſee me laid.

Would my love but in pity appear
On the ſpot where he moulds my cold grave,
And bedew the green ſod with a tear,
'Tis all the remembrance I crave.

To the ſwaird then his viſage he turn'd;
'Twas wan as the lilies in May;
Fair Stella *may ſee him inurn'd,*
He hath ſigh'd all his ſorrows away.

RETIREMENT.

COME inſpiration from thy vernal bow'r,
To thy celeſtial voice attune the lyre;
Smooth gliding ſtrains in ſweet profuſion pour,
And aid my numbers with ſeraphic fire.

Under a lonely ſpreading oak I lay,
My head upon the daiſied green reclin'd,
The ev'ning ſun beam'd forth his parting ray,
The foliage bended to the hollow wind.

There gentle ſleep my acting powers ſuppreſt,
The city's diſtant hum was heard no more;
Yet fancy ſuffer'd not the mind to reſt,
Ever obedient to her wakeful power.

She led me near a chryſtal fountain's noiſe,
Where undulating waters ſportive play;
Where a young comely ſwain, with pleaſing voice,
In tender accents ſung his ſilvan lay.

" Adieu, ye baneful pleaſures of the town!
" Farewel, thou giddy and unthinking throng!
" Without regret your foibles I diſown;
" Themes more exalted claim the muſe's ſong.

" Your ſtony hearts no ſocial feelings ſhare;
" Your ſouls of diſtant ſorrows ne'er partake;
" Ne'er do you liſten to the needy prayer,
" Nor drop a tear for tender pity's ſake.

" Welcome, ye fields, ye fountains, and ye groves!
" Ye flowery meadows and extenſive plains!
" Where ſoaring warblers pour their plaintive loves,
" Each landſcape cheering with their vocal ſtrains.

Here

" Here rural beauty rears her pleaſing ſhrine;
" She on the margin of each ſtreamlet glows;
" Where with the blooming hawthorn roſes twine,
" And the fair lily of the valley grows.

" Here chaſtity may wander unaſſail'd
" Thro' fields where gay ſeducers ceaſe to rove;
" Where open vice o'er virtue near prevail'd;
" Where all is innocence, and all is love.

" Peace with her olive wand triumphant reigns,
" Guarding ſecure the peaſant's humble bed;
" Envy is baniſh'd from the happy plains,
" And defamation's buſy tongue is laid.

" Health and contentment uſher in the morn,
" With jocund ſmiles they cheer the rural ſwain,
" For which the peer, to pompous titles born,
" Forſaken ſighs, but all his ſighs are vain.

" For the calm comforts of an eaſy mind,
" In yonder lonely cot delight to dwell,
" And leave the ſtateſman for the labouring hind,
" The regal palace for the lowly cell.

" Ye, who to wiſdom would devote your hours,
" And far from riot, far from diſcord ſtray!
" Look back diſdainful on the city's towers,
" Where pride, where folly point the ſlipp'ry way.

" Pure flows the limpid ſtream in chryſtal tides,
" Thro' rocks, thro' dens, and ever verdant vales,
" Till to the town's unhallow'd wall it glides,
" Where all its purity and luſtre fails.

On the cold Month of APRIL 1771.

Oh! who can hold a fire in his hand
By thinking on the frosty Caucasus;
Or cloy the hungry edge of appetite
By bare imagination of a feast;
Or wallow naked in December's *snow*
By thinking on fantastic summer's heat.

SHAKESP. RICH. II.

POETS in vain have hail'd the op'ning spring,
In tender accents woo'd the blooming maid,
In vain have taught the April birds to wing
Their flight thro' fields in verdant hue array'd.

The muse in ev'ry season taught to sing
Amidst the desart snows by fancy's powers,
Can elevated soar, on placid wing,
To climes where spring her kindest influence showers.

April,

April, once famous for the zephyr mild,
For ſweets that early in the garden grow,
Say, how converted to this cheerleſs wild,
Ruſhing with torrents of diſſolving ſnow.

Nurs'd by the moiſture of a gentle ſhower,
Thy foliage oft hath ſounded to the breeze;
Oft did thy choriſters melodious pour
Their melting numbers thro' the ſhady trees.

Fair have I ſeen thy morn, in ſmiles array'd,
With crimſon bluſh bepaint the eaſtern ſky;
But now the dawn creeps mournful o'er the glade,
Shrowded in colours of a ſable dye.

So have I ſeen the fair with laughing eye,
And viſage cheerful as the ſmiling morn,
Alternate changing for the heaving ſigh,
Or frowning aſpect of contemptuous ſcorn.

Life! What art thou? a variegated ſcene
Of mingl'd light and ſhade, of joy and woe;
A ſea where calms and ſtorms promiſcuous reign,
A ſtream where ſweet and bitter jointly flow.

Mute

Mute are the plains; the ſhepherd pipes no more;
The reed's forſaken, and the tender flock,
While echo, liſtening to the tempeſt's roar,
In ſilence wanders o'er the beetling rock.

Winter, too potent for the ſolar ray,
Beſtrides the blaſt, aſcends his icy throne,
And views BRITANNIA, ſubject to his ſway,
Floating emergent on the frigid zone.

Thou ſavage tyrant of the fretful ſky!
Wilt thou for ever in our zenith reign?
To Greenland's ſeas, congeal'd in chillneſs, fly,
Where howling monſters tread the bleak domain.

Relent, O Boreas! leave thy frozen cell;
Reſign to ſpring her portion of the year;
Let weſt winds temp'rate wave the flowing gale,
And hills, and vales, and woods, a vernal aſpect wear.

Written

Written at the HERMITAGE *of* BRAID, *near* EDINBURGH.

WOULD you reliſh a rural retreat,
Or the pleaſure the groves can inſpire,
The city's allurements forget,
To this ſpot of enchantment retire.

Where a valley, and chryſtaline brook,
Whoſe current glides ſweetly along,
Give nature a fanciful look
The beautiful woodlands among.

Behold the umbrageous trees
A covert of verdure have ſpread,
Where ſhepherds may loll at their eaſe,
And pipe to the muſical ſhade:

For lo! thro' each op'ning is heard,
In concert with waters below,
The voice of a muſical bird,
Whoſe numbers do gracefully flow.

The buſhes and arbours ſo green,
The tendrils of ſpray interwove,
With foliage ſhelter the ſcene,
And form a retirement for love.

Here

Here Venus tranſported may rove
From pleaſure to pleaſure unſeen,
Nor wiſh for the Cyprian grove
Her youthful Adonis to ſcreen.

Oft let me contemplative dwell
On a ſcene where ſuch beauties appear;
I could live in a cot or a cell,
And never think ſolitude near.

A SATURDAY's EXPEDITION.

In mock HEROICS.

Non mira, ſed vera, canam.

AT that ſweet period of revolving time
When Phœbus lingers not in Thetis' lap,
When twinkling ſtars their feeble influence ſhed,
And ſcarcely glimmer thro' th' ethereal vault,
Till Sol again his near approach proclaims,
With ray purpureal, and the bluſhing form
Of fair Aurora, goddeſs of the dawn,
Leading the winged courſers to the pole

Of Phœbus' car.—'Twas in that ſeaſon fair,
When jocund ſummer did the meads array
In Flora's rip'ning bloom—that we prepar'd
To break the bond of buſineſs, and to roam
Far from Edina's jarring noiſe a while.

Fair ſmil'd the wak'ning morn on our deſign,
And we with joy elate our march began
For LEITH's fair port, where oft EDINA's ſons
The week conclude, and in carouſal quaff
Port, punch, rum, brandy, and Geneva ſtrong,
Liquors too nervous for the feeble purſe.
With all convenient ſpeed we there arriv'd,
Nor had we time to touch at houſe or hall,
Till from the boat a hollow thundering voice
Bellow'd vociferous, and our ears aſſail'd
With, Ho! Kinghorn, oho! come ſtraight aboard.
We fail'd not to obey the ſtern command,
Utter'd with voice as dreadful as the roar
Of Polyphemus, 'midſt rebounding rocks,
When overcome by ſage Ulyſſes' wiles.

"Hoiſt up your ſails," the angry ſkipper cries,
While fore and aft the buſy ſailors run,

And

And looſe th' entangled cordage.—O'er the deep
Zephyrus blows, and hugs our lofty ſails,
Which, in obedience to the powerful breeze,
Swell o'er the foaming main, and kiſs the wave.

Now o'er the convex ſurface of the flood
Precipitate we fly—our foaming prow
Divides the ſaline ſtream—on either ſide
Ridges of yeſty furge dilate apace;
But from the poop the waters gently flow,
And undulation for the time decays,
In eddies ſmoothly floating o'er the main.

Here let the muſe in doleful numbers ſing
The woeful fate of thoſe whoſe cruel ſtars
Have doom'd them ſubject to the languid powers
Of wat'ry ſickneſs—though with ſtomach full
Of juicy beef, of mutton in its prime,
Or all the dainties luxury can boaſt,
They brave the elements.—Yet the rocking bark,
Truely regardleſs of their precious food,
Converts their viſage to the ghaſtly pale,
And makes the ſea partaker of the ſweets

On which they ſumptuous far'd—And this the cauſe
Why thoſe of Scotia's ſons whoſe wealthy ſtore
Hath bleſs'd them with a ſplendid coach and ſix,
Rather incline to linger on the way,
And croſs the river Forth by Stirling bridge,
Than be ſubjected to the ocean's ſwell,
To dang'rous ferries, and to ſickneſs dire.

And now at equal diſtance ſhews the land;
Gladly the tars the joyful taſk purſue
Of gathering in the freight——Debates ariſe
From counterfeited half-pence—In the hold
The ſeamen ſcrutinize and eager peep
Through every corner where their watchful eye
Suſpect a lurking place, or dark retreat,
To hide the timid corpſe of ſome poor ſoul,
Whoſe ſcanty purſe can ſcarce one groat afford.

At length we chearful land on Fifan ſhore,
Where ſickneſs vaniſhes, and all the ills
Attendant on the paſſage of Kinghorn.
Our pallid cheeks reſume their roſy hue,
And empty ſtomachs keenly crave ſupply——
With

With eager ſtep we reach'd the friendly inn,
Nor did we think of beating our retreat
Till every gnawing appetite was quell'd.

Eaſtward along the Fifan coaſt we ſtray;
And here th' unwearied eye may fondly gaze
O'er all the tufted groves and pointed ſpires,
With which the pleaſant banks of Forth are crown'd.
Sweet navigable ſtream! where commerce reigns,
Where peace and jocund plenty ſmile ſerene:
On thy green banks ſits Liberty enthron'd,
But not that ſhadow which the Engliſh youth
So eagerly purſue; but freedom bought,
When Caledonia's triumphant ſword
Taught the proud ſons of Anglia to bemoan
Their fate at *Bannockburn*, where thouſands came
Never to tread their native ſoil again.

Far in a hollow den, where nature's hand
Had careleſs ſtrew'd the rocks—a dreadful cave,
Whoſe concave cieling echoed to the floods
Their hollow murmurs on the trembling ſhore,
Demanded our approach.—The yawning porch

Its maſſy ſides diſclos'd, and o'er the top
The ivy tendrils twin'd th' uncultur'd fearn:
Fearful we pry into the dreary vault,
Hoary with age, and breathing noxious damps:
Here buſy owls may unmoleſted dwell
In ſolitary gloom—for few there are
Whoſe inclination leads them to review
A cell where putrid ſmells infectious reign*.

Then turning weſtward, we our courſe purſue
Along the verge of Fortha's briny flood,
Till we o'ertake the gradual riſing dale
Where fair Burntiſland rears her reverend dome;
And here the vulgar ſign-poſt, painted o'er
With imitations vile of man and horſe,
Of ſmall beer froathing o'er th' unſhapely jug,
With courteous invitation, ſpoke us fair
To enter in, and taſte what precious drops
Were there reſerved to moiſten ſtrangers throats,
Too often parch'd upon the tedious way.

After

* A large cave at a ſmall diſtance from Kinghorn, ſuppoſed, about a century ago, to have been the receptacle of thieves.

After regaling here with ſober cann,
Our limbs we plied, and nimbly meaſur'd o'er
The hills, the vales, and the extenſive plains,
Which form the diſtance from *Burntiſland's* port
To *Inverkeithing*. Weſtward ſtill we went,
Till in the ferry-boat we loll'd at eaſe;
Nor did we long on Neptune's empire float,
For ſcarce ten poſting minutes were elaps'd
Till we again on *Terra Firma* ſtood,
And to M'Laren's march'd, where roaſted lamb,
With cooling lettice, crown'd our ſocial board.
Here too the cheering glaſs, chief foe to cares!
Went briſkly round; and many a virgin fair
Receiv'd our homage in a bumper full.

Thus having ſacrific'd a jocund hour,
To ſmiling mirth, we quit the happy ſcene,
And move progreſſive to Edina's walls.

Now ſtill returning eve creep'd gradual on,
And the bright ſun, as weary of the ſky,
Beam'd forth a languid occidental ray;
Whoſe ruby tinctur'd radiance faintly gleam'd
Upon the airy cliffs and diſtant ſpires,

That float on the horizon's utmoſt verge.
So we, with feſſive joints and ling'ring pace,
Moved ſlowly on, and did not reach the town,
Till Phœbus had unyoked his prancing ſteeds.

Ye ſons of Caledonia! who delight,
With all the pomp and pageantry of ſtate,
To roll along in gilded affluence,
For one poor moment wean your thought from theſe,
And liſt this humble ſtrain. If you, like us,
Could brave the angry waters, be uprous'd
By the firſt ſalutation to the morn
Paid by the watchful cock; or be compell'd
On foot to wander o'er the lonely plain
For twenty tedious miles; then ſhould the gout
With all his racking pangs forſake your frame:
For he delights not to traverſe the field,
Or rugged ſteep, but prides him to recline
On the luxuriance of a velvet fold,
Where indolence on purple ſopha lolls.

A BURLESQUE ELEGY *on the amputation of a Student's Hair, before his Orders.*

O SAD cataſtrophe! O event dire!
How ſhall the loſs, the heavy loſs be born?
Or how the muſe attune the plaintive lyre,
To ſing of *Strephon* with his ringlets ſhorn?

Say ye, who can divine the mighty cauſe,
From whence this modern circumciſion ſprings?
Why ſuch oppreſſive and ſuch rigid laws
Are ſtill attendant on religious things?

Alas! poor *Strephon*, to the ſtern decree
Which prunes your treſſes, are you doom'd to yield?
Soon ſhall your *caput*, like the blaſted tree,
Diffuſe its faded honours o'er the field.

Now let the ſolemn ſounds of mourning ſwell,
And wake ſad echoes to prolong the lay;
For hark! methinks I hear the tragic knell;
This hour beſpeaks the barber on his way.

O

O razor! yet thy poignant edge ſuſpend;
O yet indulge me with a ſhort delay,
Till I once more pourtray my youthful friend,
'Ere his proud locks are ſcatter'd on the clay.

'Ere the huge *wig*, in formal curls array'd,
With pulvile pregnant, ſhall o'erſhade his face;
Or, like the wide umbrella, lend its aid,
To baniſh luſtre from the ſacred place.

Mourn, O ye Zephyrs! for, alas! no more
His waving ringlets ſhall your call obey!
For, ah! the ſtubborn wig moſt now be wore,
Since *Strephon's* locks are ſcatter'd on the clay.

Amanda, too, in bitter anguiſh ſighs,
And grieves the metamorphoſis to ſee;
Mourn not, *Amanda*, for the hair that lies
Dead on the ground ſhall be reviv'd for thee.

Some ſkilful artiſt of a French *frizeur*,
With graceful ringlets ſhall thy temples bind,
And cull the precious relics from the floor,
Which yet may flutter in the wanton wind.

The CANONGATE PLAY-HOUSE *in* RUINS.

A BURLESQUE POEM.

YE few whoſe feeling hearts are ne'er eſtrang'd
From ſoft emotions: Ye who often wear
The eye of pity, and oft vent her ſighs,
When ſad *Melpomene*, in woe-fraught ſtrains,
Gains entrance to the breaſt; or often ſmile
When briſk *Thalia* gayly trips along
Scenes of enlivening mirth; attend my ſong.
And Fancy, thou! whoſe ever-flaming light
Can penetrate into the dark abyſs
Of chaos, and of hell: O! with thy blazing torch
The waſteful ſcene illumine, that the muſe,
With daring pinions, may her flight purſue,
Nor with timidity be known to ſoar
O'er the *theatric world*, to chaos chang'd.

Can I contemplate on thoſe dreary ſcenes
Of mould'ring deſolation, and forbid
The voice elegiac and the falling tear!
No more from box to box the baſket pil'd

With

With oranges as radiant as the ſpheres,
Shall with their luſcious virtues charm the ſenſe
Of *taſte* and *ſmell* No more the gaudy beau,
With handkerchief in lavender well drench'd,
Or *bergamot*, or *roſe-watero* pure,
With flavoriferous ſweets ſhall chace away
The peſtilential fumes of vulgar cits,
Who, in impatience for the curtain's riſe,
Amus'd the lingering moments, and applied
Thirſt-quenching *porter* to their parched lips.

Alas! how ſadly alter'd is the ſcene?
For lo! thoſe ſacred walls, that late were bruſh'd
By ruſtling ſilks and waving capuchines,
Are now become the ſport of wrinkl'd time!
Thoſe walls, that late have echo'd to the voice
Of ſtern King *Richard*, to the ſeat transform'd
Of crawling ſpiders and deteſted moths,
Who in the lonely crevices reſide;
Or gender in the beams, that have upheld
Gods, demi-gods, and all the joyous crew
Of thunderers in the galleries above.

O Shakeſpeare! where are all thy tinſell'd kings,

Thy

Thy fawning courtiers, and thy waggiſh clowns?
Where all thy fairies, ſpirits, witches, fiends,
That here have gambol'd in nocturnal ſport,
Round the lone oak, or ſunk in fear away
From the ſhrill ſummons of the cock at morn?
Where now the temples, palaces, and towers?
Where now the groves that ever-verdant ſmil'd?
Where now the ſtreams that never ceas'd to flow?
Where now the clouds, the rains, the hails, the winds,
The thunders, light'nings, and the tempeſts ſtrong?

Here ſhepherds, lolling in their woven bow'rs,
In dull *recitativo* often ſung
Their loves, accompanied with clangor ſtrong
From horns, from trumpets, clarinets, baſſoons;
From violinos ſharp, or droning baſs,
Or the briſk tinkling of a harpſichord.

Such is thy power, O muſic! ſuch thy fame,
That it has fabled been, how foreign ſong,
Soft iſſuing from *Tenducci*'s ſlender throat,
Has drawn a plaudit from the gods enthron'd
Round the empyreum of Jove himſelf,

High

High ſeated on Olympus' airy top.
Nay, that his fev'rous voice was known to ſoothe
The ſhrill-ton'd prating of the females tongues,
Who, in obedience to the lifeleſs ſong,
All proſtrate fell; all fainting died away
In ſilent ecſtacies of paſſing joy.

Ye who oft wander by the ſilver light
Of ſiſter *Luna*, or to church-yard's gloom,
Or cypreſs ſhades, if chance ſhould guide your ſteps
To this ſad manſion, think not that you tread
Unconſecrated paths; for on this ground
Have holy ſtreams been pour'd, and flow'rets ſtrew'd;
While many a kingly diadem, I ween,
Lies uſeleſs here intomb'd, with heaps of coin
Stamp'd in *theatric mint*: offenceleſs gold!
That carried not perſuaſion in its hue,
To tutor mankind in their evil ways.
After a lengthen'd ſeries of years,
When the unhallow'd ſpade ſhall diſcompoſe
This maſs of earth, then relics ſhall be found,
Which, or for gems of worth, or Roman coins,

Well

Well may obtrude on antiquary's eye.
Ye ſpouting blades! regard this ruin'd fane,
And nightly come within thoſe naked walls,
To ſhed the tragic tear. Full many a drop
Of precious inſpiration have you ſuck'd
From its dramatic ſources. O! look here
Upon this roofleſs and forſaken pile,
And ſtalk in penſive ſorrow o'er the ground
Where you've beheld ſo many noble ſcenes.

Thus, when the mariner to foreign clime
His bark conveys, where odoriferous gales,
And orange-groves, and love-inſpiring wine,
Have oft repaid his toil; if earthquake dire,
With hollow groanings and convulſive pangs,
The ground hath rent, and all thoſe beauties foil'd,
Will he refrain to ſhed the grateful drop,
A tribute juſtly due (tho' ſeldom paid)
To the bleſt memory of happier times?

DAMON *to his* FRIENDS.

A BALLAD.

THE billows of life are ſuppreſt,
Its tumults, its toils diſappear,
To relinquiſh the ſtorms that are paſt,
I think on the ſunſhine that's near.

Dame Fortune and I are agreed;
Her frowns I no longer endure;
For the goddeſs has kindly decreed,
That Damon no more ſhall be poor.

Now riches will ope the dim eyes,
To view the increaſe of my ſtore;
And many my friendſhip will prize
Who never knew Damon before.

But thoſe I renounce and abjure,
Who carried contempt in their eye;
May poverty ſtill be their dow'r
That could look on misfortune awry!

Ye

Ye pow'rs that weak mortals govern,
Keep pride at his bay from my mind;
O let me not haughtily learn
To deſpiſe the few friends that were kind.

For theirs was a feeling ſincere,
'Twas free from deluſion and art;
O may I that friendſhip revere,
And hold it yet dear to my heart:

By which was I ever forgot?
It was both my phyſician and cure,
That ſtill found the way to my cot,
Altho' I was wretched and poor:

'Twas balm to my canker-tooth'd care;
The wound of affliction it heal'd;
In diſtreſs it was Pity's ſoft tear,
And naked cold Poverty's ſhield.

Attend, ye kind youth of the plain!
Who oft with my ſorrows condol'd;
You cannot be deaf to the ſtrain,
Since Damon is maſter of gold.

I have choſe a ſweet ſylvan retreat,
Bedeck'd with the beauties of ſpring;
Around my flocks nibble and bleat,
While the muſical choriſters ſing.

I force not the waters to ſtand
In an artful canal at my door,
But a river, at Nature's command,
Meanders both limpid and pure.

She's the goddeſs that darkens my bow'rs
With tendrils of ivy and vine;
She tutors my ſhrubs and my flow'rs,
Her taſte is the ſtandard of mine.

What a pleaſing diverſified group
Of trees has ſhe ſpread o'er my ground!
She has taught the grave *laryx* to droop,
And the birch to deal odours around.

For whom has ſhe perfum'd my groves?
For whom has ſhe cluſter'd my vine?
If friendſhip deſpiſe my alcoves,
They'll ne'er be receſſes of mine.

He who taſtes his grape juices by ſtealth,
Without choſen companions to ſhare,
Is the baſeſt of ſlaves to his wealth,
And the pitiful minion of care.

O come; and with Damon retire
Amidſt the green umbrage embower'd;
Your mirth and your ſongs to inſpire,
Shall the juice of his vintage be pour'd?

O come, ye dear friends of his youth!
Of all his good fortune partake;
Nor think 'tis departing from truth,
To ſay 'twas preſerv'd for your ſake.

The PEASANT, *the* HEN *and young* DUCKS.

A FABLE.

A HEN, of all the dung-hill crew
The faireſt, ſtatelieſt to view,
Of laying tir'd, ſhe fondly begs
Her keeper's leave to hatch her eggs:

He, dunn'd with the inceſſant cry,
Was forc'd for peace' ſake to comply;
And in a month the downy brood
Came chirping round the hen for food,
Who view'd them with parental eyes
Of pleaſing fondneſs and ſurpriſe,
And was not at a loſs to trace
Her likeneſs growing in their face;
Tho' the broad *bills* could well declare
That they another's offspring were;
So ſtrong will prejudices blind,
And lead aſtray the eaſy mind.

To the green margin of the brook
The hen her fancied children took;
Each young one ſhakes his unfledg'd wings,
And to the flood by inſtinct ſprings;
With willing ſtrokes they gladly ſwim,
Or dive into the glaſſy ſtream,
While the fond mother vents her grief,
And prays the *peaſant's* kind relief.
The peaſant heard the bitter cries,
And thus in terms of rage replies.
" You fool! give o'er your uſeleſs moan,
" Nor mourn misfortunes not your own;

" But

" But learn in wiſdom to forſake
" The offspring of the *duck* and *drake*."
To whom the hen, with angry creſt
And ſcornful looks, herſelf addreſt:
" If *reaſon* were my conſtant guide
" (Of man the ornament and pride),
" Then ſhould I boaſt a cruel heart,
" And foreign feeling all depart;
" But ſince poor I, by *inſtinct* blind,
" Can boaſt no feelings ſo reſign'd,
" 'Tis hop'd your reaſon will excuſe,
" Tho' I your counſel ſage refuſe,
" And from the perils of the flood
" Attempt to ſave another's brood."

MORAL.

When pity, gen'rous nymph! poſſeſt,
And mov'd at will the human breaſt,
No tongue its diſtant ſufferings told,
But ſhe aſſiſted, ſhe condol'd,
And willing bore her tender part
In all the feelings of the heart;
But now from her our hearts decoy'd,
To ſenſe of others woes deſtroy'd,
Act only from a ſelfiſh view,
Nor give the aid to pity due.

FASHION. A POEM.

Bred up where diſcipline moſt rare is,
In Military Garden Paris.

Hudibras.

O Nature, parent goddeſs! at thy ſhrine,
Prone to the earth, the muſe, in humble ſong,
Thy aid implores: Nor will ſhe wing her flight
Till thou, bright form! in thy effulgence pure
Deign'ſt to look down upon her lowly ſtate,
And ſhed thy powerful influence benign.

Come then, regardleſs of vain faſhion's fools,
Of all thoſe vile enormities of ſhape
That croud the world, and with thee bring
Wiſdom in ſober contemplation clad,
To laſh thoſe bold uſurpers from the ſtage.

On that bleſs'd ſpot where the Pariſian dome
To fools the ſtealing hand of time diſplays,
FASHION her empire holds, a goddeſs great!

View

View her amidſt the *Millenarian* train
On a reſplendent throne exalted high,
Strangely diverſified with gew-gaw forms.
Her buſy hand glides pleaſureably o'er
The darling novelties, the trinkets rare,
That greet the ſight of the admiring dames,
Whoſe dear bought treaſures o'er their native iſle
Contagious ſpread, infect the wholeſome air
That cheriſh'd vigour in Britannia's ſons.

Near this proud ſeat of Faſhion's antic form
A ſphere revolves, on whoſe bright orb behold
The circulating mode of changeful dreſs,
Which, like the image of the ſun himſelf,
Glories in courſing thro' the diverſe ſigns
Which blazon in the zodiack of heaven.
Around her throne coquets and petits beaux
Unnumber'd ſhine, and with each other vie
In nameleſs ornaments and gaudy plumes.
O worthy emulation! to excell
In trifles ſuch as theſe: how truly great!
Unworthy of the peeviſh blubbering boy,
Cruſh'd in his childhood by the fondling nurſe,
Who, for ſome favourite toy, frets and pines.

Amongſt

Amongſt the proud attendants of this ſhrine,
The wealthy, young and gay *Clarinda* draws,
From poorer objects, the aſtoniſh'd eye:
Her looks, her dreſs, and her affected mien
Doom her enthuſiaſt keen in Faſhion's train:
White as the covered *Alps*, or wintry face
Of ſnowy *Lapland*, her *toupee* uprear'd,
Exhibits to the view a cumbrous maſs
Of curls high nodding o'er her poliſh'd brow;
From which redundant flo vs the Bruſſels lace,
With pendant ribbons too of various dye,
Where all the colours in th' ethereal bow,
Unite, and blend, and tantalize the ſight.

Nature! to thee alone, not Faſhion's pomp,
Does beauty owe her all-commanding eye.
From the green boſom of the wat'ry main,
Array'd by thee, majeſtic Venus roſe,
With waving ringlets careleſsly diffus'd,
Floating luxurious o'er the reſtleſs ſurge.
What *Rubens* then, with his enliv'ning hand,
Could paint the bright vermilion of her cheek,
Pure as the roſeat portal of the eaſt,
That opens to receive the cheering ray
Of Phœbus beaming from the orient ſky?

For

For ſterling beauty needs no faint eſſays,
Or colourings of art, to gild her more:
She is all perfect. And, if beauty fail,
Where are thoſe ornaments, thoſe rich attires
Which can reflect a luſtre on that face,
Where ſhe with light innate diſdains to ſhine?

Britons, beware of Faſhion's luring wiles:
On either hand, chief guardians of her power,
And ſole dictators of her fickle voice,
Folly and dull *effeminacy* reign;
Whoſe blackeſt magic and unhallow'd ſpells
The Roman ardour check'd; their ſtrength decay'd,
And all their glory ſcatter'd to the winds.

Tremble, O Albion! for the voice of fate
Seems ready to decree thy after-fall.
By pride, by luxury, what fatal ills
Unheeded have approach'd thy mortal frame!
How many foreign weeds their heads have rear'd
In thy fair garden? Haſten 'ere their ſtrength
And baneful vegetation taint the ſoil,
To root out rank diſeaſe, which ſoon muſt ſpread,

If no bleſs'd antidote will purge away
Faſhion's proud minions from our ſea-girt iſle.

On the DEATH *of Mr* THOMAS LANCASHIRE, *Comedian.*

ALAS, poor Thom! how oft, with merry heart,
Have we beheld thee play the Sexton's part.
Each comic heart muſt now be griev'd to ſee
The Sexton's dreary part perform'd on thee.

On ſeeing a LADY *paint herſelf.*

WHEN, by ſome miſadventure croſs'd,
The banker hath his fortune loſt,
Credit his inſtant need ſupplies,
And for a moment blinds our eyes:
So *Delia*, when her beauty's flown,
Trades on a bottom not her own,
And labours to eſcape detection,
By putting on a falſe complexion.

EXTEMPORE,

EXTEMPORE,

On ſeeing STANZAS *addreſſed to Mrs* HARTLEY *Comedian, wherein ſhe is deſcribed as reſembling* MARY *Queen of* SCOTS.

HARTLEY reſembles Scotland's Queen,
Some bard enraptur'd cries;
A flattering bard he is, I ween,
Or elſe the PAINTER LIES.

SONG.

WHERE winding Forth adorns the vale,
Fond *Strephon*, once a ſhepherd gay,
Did to the rocks his lot bewail,
And thus addreſs'd his plaintive lay:
" O Julia! more than lily fair,
" More blooming than the kindling roſe,
" How can thy breaſt relentleſs wear
" A heart more cold than winter's ſnows.

II.

" Yet nipping winter's keeneſt ſway,
" But for a ſhort-liv'd ſpace prevails;
" Spring-time returns and cheers each ſwain,
" Scented with *Flora*'s fragrant gales.
" Come, Julia, come, thy love obey,
" Thou miſtreſs of angelic charms!
" Come ſmiling like the morn in May,
" And center in thy Strephon's arms.

III.

" Elſe haunted by the fiend deſpair,
" He'll court ſome ſolitary grove,
" Where mortal foot did ne'er repair,
" But ſwains oppreſs'd by hapleſs love.
" From the once pleaſing rural throng,
" Remov'd, he'll thro' the deſart ſtray.
" Where Philomela's mournful ſong,
" Shall join his melancholy lay."

CONSCIENCE. AN ELEGY.

———Leave her to heaven,
And to the thorns that in her boſom lodge,
To prick and ſting her.

Shakeſpeare.

NO choiring warblers flutter in the ſky;
Phœbus no longer holds his radiant ſway;
While nature with a melancholy eye,
Bemoans the loſs of his departed ray.

O happy he whoſe conſcience knows no guile!
He to the ſable night can bid farewel;
From cheerleſs objects cloſe his eyes a while,
Within the ſilken folds of ſleep to dwell.

Elyſian dreams ſhall hover round his bed,
His ſoul ſhall wing, on pleaſing fancies born,
To ſhining vales where flow'rets lift their head,
Wak'd by the breathing zephyrs of the morn.

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Wak'd by the breathing zephyrs of the morn.

But wretched he whoſe foul reproachful deeds
Can thro' an angry conſcience wound his reſt;
His eye too oft the balmy comfort needs,
Tho' ſlumber ſeldom knows him as her gueſt.

To calm the raging tumults of his ſoul,
If wearied nature ſhould an hour demand,
Around his bed the ſheeted ſpectres howl,
Red with revenge the grinning furies ſtand.

Nor ſtate nor grandeur can his pain allay;
Where ſhall he find a requiem to his woes?
Power cannot chace the frightful gloom away,
Nor muſic lull him to a kind repoſe.

Where is the king that Conſcience fears to chide?
Conſcience, that candid judge of right and wrong,
Will o'er the ſecrets of each heart preſide,
Nor aw'd by pomp, nor tam'd by ſoothing ſong.

Againſt repining at FORTUNE.

THO' in my narrow bounds of rural toil,
No *obeliſk* or ſplendid column riſe;
Tho' partial Fortune ſtill averts her ſmile,
And views my labours with condemning eyes;

Yet all the gorgeous vanity of ſtate
I can contemplate with a cool diſdain;
Nor ſhall the honours of the gay and great
E'er wound my boſom with an envious pain.

Avails it ought the grandeur of their halls,
With all the glories of the *pencil* hung,
If Truth, fair Truth! within th' unhallow'd walls,
Hath never whiſper'd with her *ſeraph* tongue?

Avails it ought, if muſic's gentle lay
Hath oft been echo'd by the ſounding dome;
If *muſic* cannot ſooth their griefs away,
Or change a wretched to a happy home?

Tho' Fortune ſhould inveſt them with her
ſpoils,
And baniſh *poverty* with look ſevere,
Enlarge their confines, and decreaſe their toils,
Ah! what avails if ſhe increaſe their care?

Tho' fickle ſhe diſclaim my moſs-grown cot,
Nature, thou look'ſt with more impartial
eyes:
Smile thou, fair Goddeſs! on my ſober lot;
I'll neither fear her fall, nor court her riſe.

When early larks ſhall ceaſe the *matin* ſong;
When Philomel at night reſigns her lays;
When melting numbers to the owl belong,
Then ſhall the *reed* be ſilent in thy praiſe.

Can he, who with the tide of Fortune ſails,
More pleaſure from the ſweets of *nature*
ſhare?
Do Zephyrs waft him more ambroſial gales,
Or do his groves a gayer livery wear?

To me the heav'ns unveil as pure a ſky;
To me the flow'rs as rich a bloom diſcloſe:

The

The morning beams as radiant to my eye,
And darkneſs guides me to as ſweet repoſe.

If luxury their laviſh dainties piles,
And ſtill attends upon their ſated hours,
Doth health reward them with her open ſmiles,
Or exerciſe enlarge their feeble pow'rs?

'Tis not in richeſt mines of Indian gold,
That man this jewel happineſs can find,
If his unfeeling breaſt, to *virtue* cold,
Denies her entrance to his ruthleſs mind.

Wealth, pomp and honour are but gaudy toys;
Alas! how poor the pleaſures they impart!
Virtue's the ſacred ſource of all the joys
That claim a laſting manſion in the heart.

The DECAY *of* FRIENDSHIP.

A PASTORAL ELEGY.

WHEN gold, man's ſacred deity, did ſmile,
My friends were plenty, and my ſorrows few;
Mirth, love, and bumpers did my hours beguile,
And arrowed Cupids round my ſlumbers flew.

What ſhepherd then could boaſt more happy days?
My lot was envied by each humbler ſwain;
Each bard in ſmooth eulogium ſung my praiſe,
And DAMON liſten'd to the guileful ſtrain.

FLATTERY, alluring as the Syren's lay,
And as deceitful thy inchanting tongue,
How have you taught my wavering mind to ſtray,
Charm'd and attracted by the baneful ſong?

My

My pleaſant cottage, ſhelter'd from the gale,
Aroſe with moſs, and rural ivy bound;
And ſcarce a flow'ret in my lowly vale,
But was with bees of various colours crown'd.

Free o'er my lands the neighbouring flocks could roam;
How welcome were the ſwains and flocks to me!
The ſhepherds kindly were invited home,
To chace the hours in merriment and glee.

To wake emotions in the youthful mind,
Strephon with voice melodious tun'd the ſong;
Each ſylvan youth the ſounding chorus join'd,
Fraught with contentment 'midſt the feſtive throng.

My cluſt'ring grape compens'd their magic ſkill,
The bowl capacious ſwell'd in purple tide;
To ſhepherds, liberal, as the chryſtal rill,
Spontaneous gurgling from the mountain's ſide.

But ah! theſe youthful ſportive hours are
fled;
Theſe ſcenes of jocund mirth are now no
more;
No healing ſlumbers tend my humble bed,
No friends condole the ſorrows of the poor.

And what avail the thoughts of former joy?
What comfort bring they in the adverſe
hour?
Can they the canker-worm of care deſtroy,
Or brighten fortune's diſcontented lour?

He who hath long travers'd the fertile plain,
Where nature in its faireſt veſture ſmil'd,
Will he not cheerleſs view the fairy ſcene,
When lonely wand'ring o'er the barren wild?

For now pale poverty, with haggard eye
And rueful aſpect, darts her gloomy ray;
My wonted gueſts their proffer'd aid deny,
And from the paths of Damon ſteal away.

Thus,

Thus, when fair ſummer's luſtre gilds the lawn,
When rip'ning bloſſoms deck the ſpreading tree,
The birds with melody ſalute the dawn,
And o'er the daiſy hangs the humming bee.

But when the beauties of the circling year
In chilling froſts and furious ſtorms decay;
No more the bees upon the plains appear,
No more the warblers hail the infant day.

To the lone corner of ſome diſtant ſhore,
In dreary devious pilgrimage I'll fly,
And wander penſive where deceit no more
Shall trace my footſteps with a mortal eye.

There ſolitary ſaunter o'er the beach,
And to the murm'ring ſurge my griefs diſcloſe;
There ſhall my voice in plaintive wailings teach
The hollow caverns to reſound my woes.

Sweet are the waters to the parched tongue;
Sweet are the bloſſoms to the wanton bee;

Sweet

Sweet to the ſhepherd ſounds the lark's ſhrill
ſong;
But ſweeter far is SOLITUDE to me.

Adieu, ye fields, where I have fondly ſtray'd!
Ye ſwains who once the fav'rite DAMON
knew;
Farewel, ye ſharers of my bounty's aid!
Ye ſons of baſe INGRATITUDE adieu!

SCOTS

SCOTS POEMS.

AN ECLOGUE.

'TWAS e'ening whan the ſpreckled gowd-
ſpink ſang,
Wham new fa'an dew in blobs o' chryſtal hang;
Than *Will* and *Sandie* thought they'd wrought
eneugh,
And loos'd their ſair toil'd owſen frae the
pleugh:
Before they ca'd their cattle to the town,
The láds to draw thir breath e'en ſat them
down:
To the ſtiff ſturdy aik they lean'd their backs,
While honeſt Sandie thus began the cracks.

SANDIE.

Yence I could hear the laverock's ſhrill-tun'd
throat,
And liſten to the clattering gowdſpink's note;
Yence I cou'd whiſtle cantilly as they,
To owſen, as they till'd my raggit clay;
But now I wou'd as leive maiſt lend my lugs
To tuneleſs puddocks croakin i' the boggs;
I ſigh at hame, a-field am dowie too,
To ſowf a tune I'll never crook my mou.

WILLIE.

Foul fa me gif your bridal had na been
Nae langer bygane than ſin Hallow-e'en,
I cou'd hae tell'd you but a warlock's art,
That ſome daft lightlyin quean had ſtow'
your heart;
Our beaſties here will take their e'ening pluc
An' now ſin Jock's gane hame the byres
muck,
Fain wou'd I houp my friend will be inclin'
To gie me a' the ſecrets o' his mind:
Heh! Sandie, lad, what dool's come owr ye no
That you to whiſtle ne'er will crook your mo

SANDI

SANDIE.

Ah! Willie, Willie, I may date my wae,
Frae what beted me on my bridal day;
Sair may I rue the hour in which our hands
Were knit thegither in the haly bands;
Sin that I thrave ſae ill, in troth I fancy,
Some fiend or fairy, nae ſae very chancy,
Has driven me by pauky wiles uncommon,
To wed this flyting fury of a woman.

WILLIE.

Ah! Sandie, aften hae I heard you tell,
Amang the laſſes a' ſhe bure the bell;
And ſay, the modeſt glances o' her ein
Far dang the brighteſt beauties o' the green;
You ca'd her ay ſae innocent, ſae young,
I thought ſhe kent na how to uſe her tongue.

SANDIE.

Before I married her, I'll take my aith,
Her tongue was never louder than her breath;
But now its turn'd ſae ſouple and ſae bauld,
That Job himſell cou'd ſcarcely thole the ſcauld.

WILLIE.

Lat her yelp on, be you as calm's a mouſe,
Nor lat your whiſht be heard into the houſe;
Do what ſhe can, or be as loud's ſhe pleaſe,
Ne'er mind her flytes but ſet your heart at eaſe,
Sit down and blaw your pipe, nor fauſh your thumb,
An' there's my hand ſhe'll tire, and ſoon ſing dumb;
Sooner ſhou'd winter cald confine the ſea,
An' lat the ſma'eſt o' our burns rin free;
Sooner at Yule-day ſhall the birk be dreſt,
Or birds in ſapleſs buſſes big their neſt,
Before a tonguey woman's noiſy plea
Shou'd ever be a cauſe to dantan me.

SANDIE.

Weel cou'd I this abide, but oh! I fear
I'll ſoon be twin'd o' a' my warldly gear;
My kirnſtaff now ſtands gizzand at the door,
My cheeſe-rack toom that ne'er was toom before;
My ky may now rin rowtin to the hill,
And on the nakit yird their milkneſs ſpill;

She ſeenil lays her hand upon a turn,
Neglects the kebbuck, and forgets the kirn ;
I vow my hair-mould milk would poiſon dogs,
As it ſtands lapper'd in the dirty cogs.

Before the ſeed I ſell'd my ferra cow,
An wi' the profit coſt a ſtane o' woo' :
I thought, by priggin, that ſhe might hae ſpun
A plaidie, light, to ſcreen me frae the ſun ;
But though the ſiller's ſcant, the cleedin dear,
She has na ca'd about a wheel the year.
Laſt ouk but ane I was frae hame a day,
Buying a threave or twa o' bedding ſtrae :
O' ilka thing the woman had her will,
Had fouth o' meal to bake, and hens to kill :
But hyn awa' to Edinbrough ſcoured ſhe
To get a making o' her fav'rite tea ;
And 'cauſe I left her not the weary *clink*,
She ſell't the very tranchers frae my bink.

WILLIE.

Her tea ! ah ! wae betide ſic coſtly gear,
Or them that ever wad the price o't ſpear.
Sin my auld gutcher firſt the warld knew,
Fouk had na fund the Indies, whare it grew.

I mind myſell, it's nae ſae lang ſin ſyne,
Whan Auntie Marion did her ſtamack tyne,
That *Davs* our gardiner came frae *Apple-bogg*,
An' gae her tea to tak by way o' drog.

SANDIE.

Whan ilka herd for cauld his fingers rubbs,
An' cakes o' ice are ſeen upo' the dubbs;
At morning, whan frae pleugh or fauld I come,
I'll ſee a braw reek riſing frae my lum,
An' ablins think to get a rantin blaze
To fley the froſt awa' an' toaſt my taes;
But whan I ſhoot my noſe in, ten to ane
If I weelfardly ſee my ane hearthſtane;
She round the ingle with her gimmers ſits,
Crammin their gabbies wi' her niceſt bits,
While the gudeman out-by maun fill his crap
Frae the milk coggie, or the parritch cap.

WILLIE.

Sandie, gif this were ony common plea,
I ſhou'd the lealeſt o' my counſel gie;
But mak or meddle betwixt man and wife,
Is what I never did in a' my life.

It'

It's wearin on now to the tail o' May,
An' juſt between the bear ſeed and the hay;
As lang's an orrow morning may be ſpar'd,
Stap your wa's eaſt the haugh, an' tell the laird;
For he's a man weel vers'd in a' the laws,
Kens baith their outs and ins, their cracks and flaws,
An' ay right gleg, whan things are out o' joint,
At ſattlin o' a nice or kittle point.
But yonder's Jock, he'll ca' your owſen hame,
And tak thir tidings to your thrawart dame,
That ye're awa' ae peaceſu' meal to prie,
And take your ſupper kail or ſowens wi' me.

AN ECLOGUE,

To the Memory of Dr WILLIAM WILKIE, *late Profeſſor of Natural Philoſophy in the Univerſity of* St Andrews.

GEORDIE AND DAVIE.

GEORDIE.

BLAW ſaft, my reed, and kindly to my maen,
Weel may ye thole a ſaft and dowie ſtrain;
Nae mair to you ſhall ſhepherds in a ring,
Wi' blythneſs ſkip, or laſſes lilt an' ſing;
Sic ſorrow now maun ſadden ilka eie,
An' ilka waefu' ſhepherd grieve wi' me.

DAVIE.

Wharefor begin a ſad an' dowie ſtrain,
Or baniſh lilting frae the Fifan plain?
Tho' ſimmer's gane, an' we nae langer view
The blades o' claver wat wi' pearls o' dew.

Cauld

Cauld winter's bleakeſt blaſts we'll eithly cowr,
Our eldin's driven, an' our har'ſt is owr;
Our *rucks* fu' thick are ſtackit i' the yard,
For the *Yule-feaſt* a ſautit mart's prepar'd;
The ingle-nook ſupplies the ſimmer fields,
An' aft as mony gleefu' maments yields.
Swyth man! fling a' your ſleepy ſprings awa',
An' on your canty whiſtle gie's a blaw:
Blythneſs, I trow, maun lighten ilka eie,
An' ilka canty callant ſing like me.

GEORDIE.

Na, na; a canty ſpring wad now impart
Juſt threefald ſorrow to my heavy heart.
Thof to the *weet* my ripen'd aits had fawn,
Or ſhake-winds owr my rigs wi' pith had blawn,
To this I cou'd hae ſaid, "I carena by,"
Nor fund occaſion now my cheeks to dry.
Croſſes like thae, or lake o' warld's gear,
Are naething whan we tyne a friend that's dear.
Ah! waes me for you, *Willy!* mony a day
Did I wi' you on yon broom-thackit brae
Hound aff my ſheep, an' lat them careleſs gang
To harken to your cheery tale or ſang;

Sangs

Sangs that for ay, on Caledonia's ſtrand,
Shall ſit the foremoſt' mang her tunefu' band.

I dreamt yeſtreen his deadly *wraith* I ſaw
Gang by my ein as white's the driven ſnaw;
My *colley*, Ringie, youf'd an' yowl'd a' night,
Cour'd an' crap near me in an unco fright,
I waken'd fley'd, an' ſhook baith lith an' limb;
A cauldneſs took me, an' my ſight grew dim;
I kent that it forſpak approachin wae
When my poor doggie was diſturbit ſae.
Nae ſooner did the day begin to dawn,
Than I beyont the know fu' ſpeedy ran,
Whare I was keppit wi' the heavy tale
That ſets ilk dowie ſangſter to bewail.

DAVIE.

An' wha on Fifan bents can weel refuſe
To gie the tear o' tribute to his muſe?—
Fareweel ilk cheery ſpring, ilk canty note,
Be daffin an' ilk idle play forgot;
Bring ilka herd the mournfu', mournfu' boughs,
Roſemary ſad, and ever dreary yews;
Thae lat be ſteepit i' the ſaut, ſaut tear,
To weet wi' hallow'd draps his ſacred bier,

Whaſe

Whaſe ſangs will ay in Scotland be rever'd,
While *ſlow-gawn owſen* turn the flow'ry ſwaird;
While bonny *lambies* lick the dews of ſpring,
While *gaudſmen* whiſtle, or while *birdies* ſing.

GEORDIE.

'Twas na for weel tim'd verſe or ſangs alane,
He bore the bell frae ilka ſhepherd ſwain.
Nature to him had gi'en a kindly lore,
Deep a' her myſtic *ferlies* to explore:
For a' her ſecret workings he could gie
Reaſons that wi' her principles agree.
Ye ſaw yourſell how weel his *mailin* thrave,
Ay better faugh'd an' ſnodit than the lave;
Lang had the *thriſtles* an' the *dockans* been
In uſe to wag their taps upo' the green,
Whare now his bonny riggs delight the view,
An' thrivin hedges drink the caller dew *.

DAVIE.

They tell me, Geordie, he had ſic a gift
That ſcarce a ſtarnie blinkit frae the lift,

But

* Dr Wilkie had a farm near St Andrews, in which he made remarkable improvements.

But he wou'd ſome auld warld name for't find,
As gart him keep it freſhly in his mind:
For this ſome ca'd him an uncanny wight;
The claſh gaed round, "he had the ſecond ſight;"
A tale that never fail'd to be the pride
Of grannies ſpinnin at the ingle ſide.

GEORDIE.

But now he's gane, an' Fame that, whan alive,
Seenil lats ony o' her vot'ries thrive,
Will frae his ſhinin name a' motes withdraw,
And on her loudeſt trump his praiſes blaw.
Lang may his ſacred banes untroubl'd reſt!
Lang may his truff in gowans gay be dreſt!
Scholars and bards *unheard of yet* ſhall come,
And ſtamp memorials on his graſſy tomb,
Which in yon antient kirk-yard ſhall remain,
Fam'd as the urn that hads the MANTUAN *ſwain.*

ELEGY,

ELEGY,

On the Death of Mr DAVID GREGORY, *late Profeſſor of Mathematics in the Univerſity of* St Andrews.

NOW mourn, ye college maſters a' !
And frae your ein a tear lat fa',
Fam'd *Gregory* death has taen awa'
Without remeid ;
The ſkaith ye've met wi's nae that ſma',
Sin Gregory's dead.

The ſtudents too will miſs him ſair,
To ſchool them weel his eident care,
Now they may mourn for ever mair,
They hae great need;
They'll hip the maiſt fek o' their lear,
Sin Gregory's dead.

He could, by *Euclid*, prove lang ſine
A ganging *point* compos'd a line ;
By numbers too he cou'd divine,
Whan he did read,
That *three* times *three* juſt made up nine ;
But now he's dead.

In *Algebra* weel ſkill'd he was,
An' kent fu' well *proportion's* laws;
He cou'd make clear baith B's and A's
Wi' his lang head;
Rin owr ſurd roots, but cracks or flaws;
But now he's dead.

Weel vers'd was he in architecture,
An' kent the nature o' the *ſector*,
Upon baith globes he weel cou'd lecture,
An' gar's tak heid;
Of geometry he was the *hector*;
But now he's dead.

Sae weel's he'd fley the ſtudents a',
Whan they war ſkelpin at the ba',
They took leg bail and ran awa',
Wi' pith and ſpeid;
We winna get a ſport ſae braw
Sin Gregory's dead.

Great 'caſion hae we a' to weep,
An' cleed our ſkins in mourning deep,
For Gregory *death* will fairly keep
To take his nap;
He'll till the reſurrection ſleep
As ſound's a tap.

THE DAFT-DAYS.

NOW mirk December's dowie face
Glours our the rigs wi' ſour grimace,
While, thro' his *minimum* of ſpace,
The bleer-ey'd ſun,
Wi' blinkin light and ſtealing pace,
His race doth run.

From naked groves nae birdie ſings,
To ſhepherd's pipe nae hillock rings,
The breeze nae od'rous flavour brings
From *Borean* cave,
And dwyning nature droops her wings,
Wi' viſage grave.

Mankind but ſcanty pleaſure glean
Frae ſnawy hill or barren plain,
Whan Winter, 'midſt his nipping train,
Wi' frozen ſpear,
Sends drift owr a' his bleak domain,
And guides the weir.

Auld Reikie! thou'rt the canty hole,
A bield for mony caldrife ſoul,
Wha ſnugly at thine ingle loll,
Baith warm and couth;
While round they gar the bicker roll
To weet their mouth.

When merry *Yule-day* comes, I trow
You'll ſcantlins find a hungry mou;
Sma' are our cares, our ſtamacks fou
O' guſty gear,
And kickſhaws, ſtrangers to our view,
Sin Fairn-year.

Ye browſter wives, now buſk ye bra,
And fling your ſorrows far awa';
Then come and gies the tither blaw
Of reaming ale,
Mair precious than the well of *Spa*,
Our hearts to heal.

Then, tho' at odds wi' a' the warl',
Amang ourſells we'll never quarrel;
Tho' Diſcord gie a canker'd ſnarl
To ſpoil our glee,

As

As lang's there's pith into the barrel
We'll drink and 'gree.

Fidlers, your pins in temper fix,
And roſet weel your fiddle-ſticks,
But baniſh vile Italian tricks
From out your quorum,
Nor *fortes* wi' *pianos* mix,
Gie's *Tulloch Gorum*.

For nought can cheer the heart ſae weil
As can a canty Highland reel,
It even vivifies the heel
To ſkip and dance:
Lifeleſs is he wha canna feel
Its influence.

Let mirth abound, let ſocial cheer
Inveſt the dawning of the year;
Let blitheſome innocence appear
To crown our joy,
Nor envy wi' ſarcaſtic ſneer
Our bliſs deſtroy.

And thou, great god of *Aqua Vitæ!*
Wha ſways the empire of this city,

When fou we're ſometimes capernoity,
Be thou prepar'd
To hedge us frae that black banditti,
The City-Guard.

The KING's BIRTH-DAY *in* Edinburgh.

Oh! qualis hurly-burly fuit, ſi forte vidiſſes.

Polemo-Middinia.

I SING the day ſae aften ſung,
Wi' which our lugs hae yearly rung,
In whaſe loud praiſe the Muſe has dung
A' kind o' print;
But wow! the limmer's fairly flung;
There's naething in't.

I'm fain to think the joys the ſame
In London town as here at hame,
Whare fock of ilka age and name,
Baith blind and cripple,
Forgather aft, O fy for ſhame!
To drink and tipple.

O *Muſe*, be kind, and dinna faſh us
To flee awa' beyont Parnaſſus,
Nor ſeek for *Helicon* to waſh us,
That heath'niſh ſpring;
Wi' Highland whiſky ſcour our hawſes,
And gar us ſing.

Begin then, dame, ye've drunk your fill,
You woudna hae the tither gill?
You'll truſt me, mair wou'd do you ill,
And ding you doitet;
Troth 'twou'd be ſair agains my will
To hae the wyte o't.

Sing then, how, on the *fourth* of June,
Our *bells* ſcreed aff a loyal tune,
Our antient caſtle ſhoots at noon,
Wi' flag-ſtaff buſkit,
Frae which the ſoldier blades come down
To cock their muſket.

Oh willawins! MONS MEG, for you,
'Twas firing crack'd thy muckle mou;
What black miſhanter gart ye ſpew
Baith gut and ga'?

I fear they bang'd thy belly fu'
Againſt the law.

Right ſeldom am I gi'en to bannin,
But, by my ſaul, ye was a cannon,
Cou'd hit a man, had he been ſtannin
In ſhire o' Fife,
Sax long Scots miles ayont *Clackmannan*,
And tak his life.

The hills in terror wou'd cry out,
And echo to thy dinſome rout;
The herds wou'd gather in their nowt,
That glowr'd wi' wonder,
Haflins afraid to bide thereout
To hear thy thunder.

Sing likewiſe, Muſe, how *blue-gown* bodies,
Like ſcar-craws new ta'en down frae woodies,
Come here to caſt their clouted duddies,
And get their pay:
Than them, what magiſtrate mair proud is
On king's birth-day?

On this great day the city-guard,
In military art well lear'd,

Wi' powder'd pow and ſhaven beard,
Gang thro' their functions,
By hoſtile rabble ſeldom ſpar'd
Of clarty unctions.

O *ſoldiers!* for your ain dear ſakes,
For Scotland's, alias *Land of Cakes*,
Gie not her *bairns* ſic deadly pakes,
Nor be ſae rude,
Wi' firelock or Lochaber aix,
As ſpill their blude.

Now round and round the *ſerpents* whiz,
Wi' hiſſing wrath and angry phiz;
Sometimes they catch a gentle *gizz*,
Alake the day!
And ſinge, wi' *hair-devouring bizz*,
Its curls away.

Shou'd th' owner patiently keek round,
To view the nature of his wound,
Dead puſſie, dragled thro' the pond,
Takes him a lounder,
Which lays his *honour* on the ground
As flat's a *flounder*.

The

The Muſe maun alſo now implore
Auld wives to ſteek ilk hole and bore;
If *baudrins* ſlip but to the door,
I fear, I fear,
She'll no lang ſhank upon all-four
This time o' year.

Next day each hero tells his news
O' crackit crowns and broken brows,
And deeds that here forbid the Muſe
Her theme to ſwell,
Or time mair precious abuſe
Their crimes to tell.

She'll rather to the fields reſort,
Whare muſic gars the day ſeem ſhort,
Whare doggies play, and lambies ſport
On gowany braes,
Whare peerleſs Fancy hads her court,
And tunes her lays.

CALLER OYSTERS.

Happy the man who, free from care and ſtrife,
In ſilken or in leathern purſe retains
A ſplendid ſhilling. He nor hears with pain
New oyſters cry'd, nor ſighs for chearful ale.

PHILLIPS.

Of a' the waters that can hobble
A fiſhin yole or ſalmon coble,
And can reward the fiſhers trouble,
Or ſouth or north,
There's nane ſae ſpacious and ſae noble
As Firth o' *Forth.*

In her the ſkate and codlin ſail,
The eil fou ſouple wags her tail,
Wi' herrin, fleuk, and mackarel,
And whitens dainty:
Their ſpindle-ſhanks the labſters trail,
Wi' partans plenty.

AULD REIKIE's ſons blyth faces wear;
September's merry month is near,

That

That brings in Neptune's caller cheer,
New oyſters freſh;
The haleſomeſt and niceſt gear
Of fiſh or fleſh.

O! then we needna gie a plack
For dand'ring mountebank or quack,
Wha o' their drogs ſae bauldly crack,
And ſpred ſic notions,
As gar their feckleſs patient tak
Their ſtinkin potions.

Come prie, frail man! for gin thou *art ſick*,
The oyſter is a rare cathartic,
As ever doctor patient gart lick
To cure his ails;
Whether you hae the head or heart-ake,
It ay prevails.

Ye tiplers, open a' your poſes,
Ye wha are fauſh'd wi' plouky noſes,
Fling owr your craig ſufficient doſes,
You'll thole a hunder,
To fleg awa' your ſimmer roſes,
And naething under.

Whan big as burns the gutters rin,
Gin ye hae catcht a droukit ſkin,
To *Luckie Middlemiſt*'s loup in,
And ſit ſu ſnug
Oe'r oyſters and a dram o' gin,
Or haddock lug.

When auld Saunt Giles, at aught o' clock,
Gars merchant lowns their chopies lock,
There we adjourn wi' hearty fock
To birle our bodles,
And get wharewi' to crack our joke,
And clear our noddles.

Whan *Phœbus* did his windocks ſteek,
How aften at that *ingle* cheek
Did I my froſty fingers beek,
And taſte gude fare?
I trow there was nae hame to ſeek
Whan ſteghin there.

While glakit fools, o'er rife o' caſh,
Pamper their weyms wi' fouſom traſh,
I think a chiel may gayly paſs;
He's no ill boden

That guſts his gabb wi' oyſter ſauce,
And *hen* weel ſoden.

At *Muſſelbrough*, and eke *Newhaven*,
The fiſher-wives will get *top livin*,
Whan *lads* gang out on Sunday's even
To treat their *joes*,
And tak of fat pandours a prieven,
Or *muſſel broſe*:

Than ſometimes 'ere they flit their *doup*,
They'll ablins a' their *ſiller* coup
For liquor clear frae cutty ſtoup,
To weet their wizen,
And ſwallow o'er a dainty ſoup,
For fear they gizzen.

A' ye wha canna ſtand ſae ſicker,
Whan twice you've toom'd the big ars'd bicker,
Mix *caller oyſters* wi' your liquor,
And I'm your debtor,
If greedy *prieſt* or drouthy *vicar*
Will thole it better.

BRAID CLAITH.

YE wha are fain to hae your name
Wrote in the bonny book of fame,
Let merit nae pretenſion claim
To laurel'd wreath,
But hap ye weel, baith back and wame,
In gude Braid Claith.

He that ſome ells o' this may ſa,
An' ſlae-black hat on pow like ſnaw,
Bids bauld to bear the gree awa',
Wi' a' this graith,
Whan bienly clad wi' ſhell fu' braw
O' gude Braid Claith.

Waeſuck for him wha has na ſek o't!
For he's a gowk they're ſure to geck at,
A chiel that ne'er will be reſpekit
While he draws breath,
Till his four quarters are bedeckit
Wi' gude Braid Claith.

On Sabbath-days the barber ſpark,
Whan he has done wi' ſcrapin wark,

Wi' ſiller broachie in his ſark,
Gangs trigly, faith!
Or to the Meadow, or the Park,
In gude Braid Claith.

Weel might ye trow, to ſee them there,
That they to ſhave your haffits bare,
Or curl an' ſleek a pickle hair,
Wou'd be right laith,
Whan pacing wi' a gawſy air
In gude Braid Claith.

If ony mettl'd ſtirrah green
For favour frae a lady's ein,
He maunna care for being ſeen
Before he ſheath
His body in a ſcabbard clean
O' gude Braid Claith.

For, gin he come wi' coat thread-bare,
A feg for him ſhe winna care,
But crook her bonny mou' fu' ſair,
And ſcald him baith.
Wooers ſhou'd ay their travel ſpare
Without Braid Claith.

Braid Claith lends ſock an unco heeſe,
Makes mony kail-worms butter-flies,
Gies mony a doctor his degrees
For little ſkaith:
In ſhort, you may be what you pleaſe
Wi' gude Braid Claith.

For thof ye had as wiſe a ſnout on
As *Shakeſpeare* or Sir *Iſaac Newton*,
Your judgment ſouk wou'd hae a doubt on,
I'll tak my aith,
Till they cou'd ſee ye wi' a ſuit on
O' gude Braid Claith.

ELEGY,

On the DEATH *of* SCOTS MUSIC.

Mark it, Cæſario; it is old and plain,
The ſpinſters and the knitters in the ſun,
And the free maids that weave their thread with bones,
Do uſe to chant it.

Shakeſpeare's Twelfth Night.

ON Scotia's plains, in days of yore,
When lads and laſſes *tartan* wore,
Saft Muſic rang on ilka ſhore,
In hamely weid;
But harmony is now no more,
And *muſic* dead.

Round her the feather'd choir would wing,
Sae bonnily ſhe wont to ſing,
And ſleely wake the ſleeping ſtring,
Their ſang to lead,
Sweet as the zephyrs of the ſpring;
But now ſhe's dead.

Mourn ilka nymph and ilka ſwain,
Ilk ſunny hill and dowie glen;
Let weeping ſtreams and *Naiads* drain
Their fountain head;
Let echo ſwell the dolefu' ſtrain,
Since muſic's dead.

Whan the ſaft vernal breezes ca'
The grey-hair'd Winter's fogs awa',
Naebody than is heard to blaw,
Near hill or mead,
On chaunter, or on aiten ſtraw,
Since muſic's dead.

Nae laſſes now, on ſimmer days,
Will lilt at bleaching of their claes;
Nae herds on *Yarrow*'s bonny braes,
Or banks of *Tweed*,
Delight to chant their hameil lays,
Since muſic's dead.

At

At glomin now the bagpipe's dumb,
Whan weary owſen hameward come;
Sae ſweetly as it wont to bum,
And *Pibrachs* ſkreed;
We never hear its warlike hum;
For muſic's dead.

Macgibbon's gane: Ah! waes my heart!
The man in muſic maiſt expert,
Wha cou'd ſweet melody impart,
And tune the reed,
Wi' ſic a ſlee and pawky art;
But now he's dead.

Ilk carline now may grunt and grane,
Ilk bonny laſſie make great mane,
Since he's awa', I trow there's nane
Can fill his ſtead;
The blytheſt ſangſter on the plain!
Alake, he's dead!

Now foreign ſonnets bear the gree,
And crabbit queer variety
Of ſounds freſh ſprung frae *Italy*,
A baſtard breed!

Unlike

Unlike that ſaft-tongu'd melody
Which now lies dead.

Cou'd *lav'rocks* at the dawning day,
Cou'd *linties* chirming frae the ſpray,
Or todling *burns* that ſmoothly play
O'er gowden bed,
Compare wi' *Birks of Indermay?*
But now they're dead.

O SCOTLAND! that cou'd yence afford
To bang the pith of Roman ſword,
Winna your ſons, wi' joint accord,
To battle ſpeed?
And fight till MUSIC be reſtor'd,
Which now lies dead.

HALLOW-FAIR.

AT *Hallowmas*, whan nights grow lang,
And *ſtarnies* ſhine fu' clear,
Whan fock, the nippin cald to bang,
Their winter *hap-warms* wear,

Near

Near Edinbrough a fair there hads,
I wat there's nane whaſe name is,
For ſtrappin dames and ſturdy lads,
And cap and ſtoup, mair famous
Than it that day.

Upo' the tap o' ilka lum
The ſun began to keek,
And bad the trig made maidens come
A ſightly joe to ſeek
At *Hallow-fair*, whare browſters rare
Keep gude ale on the gantries,
And dinna ſcrimp ye o' a ſkair
O' kebbucks frae their pantries,
Fu' ſaut that day.

Here country John in bonnet blue,
An' eke his Sunday's claiſe on,
Rins after Meg wi' *rokelay* new,
An' ſappy kiſſes lays on;
She'll tauntin ſay, Ye ſilly coof!
Be o' your gab mair ſpairin;
He'll tak the hint, and crieſh her loof
Wi' what will buy her fairin,
To chow that day.

Here chapmen billies tak their ſtand,
An' ſhaw their *bonny wallies;*
Wow, but they lie fu' gleg aff hand
To trick the ſilly fallows:
Heh, Sirs! what cairds and tinklers come,
An' *ne'er-do-weel* horſe-coupers,
An' ſpae-wives fenzying to be dumb,
Wi' a' ſiclike landloupers,
To thrive that day.

Here Sawny cries, frae Aberdeen;
"Come ye to me fa need:
"The braweſt *ſhanks* that e'er were ſeen
"I'll ſell ye cheap an' guid.
"I wyt they are as protty hoſe
"As come frae *weyr* or *leem*:
"Here tak a rug, and ſhaw's your poſe:
"Forſeeth, my ain's but teem
"An' light this day."

Ye wives, as ye gang thro' the fair,
O mak your bargains hooly!
O' a' thir wylie lowns beware,
Or fegs they will ye ſpulzie.

For

For fairn-year *Meg Thamſon* got,
Frae thir miſchievous villains,
A ſcaw'd bit o' a penny note,
That loſt a ſcore o' ſhillins
To her that day.

The dinlin drums alarm our ears,
The ſerjeant ſcreechs fu' loud,
" A' gentlemen and volunteers
" That wiſh your country gude,
" Come here to me, and I ſall gie
" Twa guineas an' a crown,
" A bowl o' *punch*, that like the ſea
" Will ſoum a lang dragoon
" Wi' eaſe this day."

Without the cuiſſers prance and nicker,
An' our the ley-rig ſcud;
In tents the carles bend the bicker,
An' rant an' roar like wud.
Then there's ſic yellowchin and din,
Wi' wives and wee-anes gablin,
That ane might true they were a-kin
To a' the tongues at Babylon,
Confus'd that day.

Whan

Whan *Phœbus* ligs in *Thetis* lap,
Auld Reikie gies them ſhelter,
Whare cadgily they kiſs the cap,
An' ca't round helter-ſkelter.
Jock Bell gaed furth to play his freaks,
Great cauſe he had to rue it,
For frae a ſtark Lochaber aix
He gat a *clamihewit*,
Fu' ſair that night.

" Ohon !" quo' he, " I'd rather be
" By *ſword* or *bagnet* ſtickit,
" Than hae my crown or body wi'
" Sic deadly weapons nicket."
Wi' that he gat anither ſtraik
Mair weighty than before,
That gar'd his feckleſs body aik,
An' ſpew the reikin gore,
Fu' red that night.

He peching on the cawſey lay,
O' kicks and cuffs weel ſair'd;
A *Highland* aith the ſerjeant gae,
" She maun pe ſee our guard."

Out

Out ſpak the weirlike corporal,
" Pring in ta drunken ſot."
They trail'd him ben, an' by my ſaul,
He paid his drunken groat
For that neiſt day.

Good ſock, as ye come frae the fair,
Bide yont frae this black ſquad ;
There's nae ſic ſavages elſewhere
Allow'd to wear cockade.
Than the ſtrong lion's hungry maw,
Or tuſk o' Ruſſian bear,
Frae their wanruly fellin paw
Mair cauſe ye hae to fear
Your death that day.

A wee ſoup drink dis unco weel
To had the heart aboon ;
It's good as lang's a canny chiel
Can ſtand ſteeve in his ſhoon.
But gin a birkie's owr weel ſair'd
It gars him aften ſtammer
To *pleys* that bring him to the guard,
An' eke the *Council-chawmir*,
Wi' ſhame that day.

In an Inn where a Traveller lay
what he had for his Supper

A GLOSSARY,

OR

EXPLANATION

OF THE

SCOTS WORDS contained in the foregoing POEMS.

A

ABLINS	Perhaps
Aboon	Above
Aik	Oak
A-kin	Related
Aith	Oath
Ane	One
As leave	As ſoon
Awyt	I'm ſure

B

Bang'd	Crammed, defeated
Bannin	Swearing
Bauld	Bold

Bawdrins	Cat
Bend	Drink
Bicker	Wooden diſh
Bink	Shelf
Blades	Leaves
Blaw	A Drink
Blear ey'd	Dim eye'd
Blinkit	Look'd haſtily
Blobs	Globules
Bogs	Marſhy ground
Bonny wallies	Gewgaws
Braw	Fine
Bridal	Wedding
Browſters	Brewers
Burns	Rivulets
But	Without
Buſkit	Deck'd
Buſſes	Buſhes

C

Ca'd	Drave
Cairds	Vagrants
Callant	Youth
Canny	Happy
Cantilly	Cheerfully
Carline	Old woman
Cap	Small wooden diſh
Capernoity	Bad temper'd
Cauld	Cold
Chirming	Warbling
Claiſe	Cloaths
Clamihewit	A ſevere blow
Clattering	Chattering
Claver	Clover
Cleiding	Cloathing

Clouted duddies	Patched cloaths
Cogs	Wooden diſhes
Coſt	Bought
Colley	Sheep dog
Cowp	Exchange
Couth	Social
Cowr	Recover
Cour'd	Was terrified
Cracks	Diſcourſe
Cracks	Rents
Crap	Crept
Crap	Stomach
Cutty ſtoup	A quartern meaſure

D

Daffin	Diverſion
Dandering	Wandering
Dauntin	To deject
Dinnling	Shaking
Doited	Crazy, ſtupid
Dowie	Gloomy
Draigled	Drenched
Droukit	Wet
Dubbs	Pools
Dule	Vexation
Dwining	Decaying

E

E'ening	Evening
Eldin	Fewel
Eithly	Eaſily

F

Fairn-year	Laſt year
Faugh'd	Fallow'd
Fauld	Fold
Fauſh	Trouble
Feck	A quantity
Feckleſs	Void of ſtrength
Ferlies	Myſteries
Fley	To fright
Fley'd	Afrighted
Fling	Throw
Fliting	Scolding
Flung	Baffled, deceived
Forſeeth	Forſooth
Foul fa me	Ill befall me
Fouth	Plenty
Fraiks	Tricks
Furth	Out of the houſe

G

Gab	Mouth
Gabbling	Speaking
Gaed	Went
Gart	Caus'd
Gaw	Gall
Gawſy air	Looking big
Gebbies	Stomachs
Geck	Slight
Gimmers	Women
Gizz	Wig
Gizzand	Rent with heat, dry
Gleg	Clever
Glowrs	Looks

Gowdſpink	Goldfinch
Graith	Accoutrements
Grannies	Grandmothers
Gudeman	The maſter of the houſe
Guſty	Taſty
Gutcher	Grandfather
Guid	Good

H

Haffits	Cheeks
Haly	Holy
Haleſomeſt	Wholeſomeſt
Hame	Home
Hameit	Homebred
Harſt	Harveſt
Haugh	Low ground by the ſide of a river
Hauſes	Throats
Heeſe	A lift
Helter-ſkelter	Cheerfully and quickly
Hind awa'	Hence away
Hobble	Move
Hooly	Slow

I

Ilka	Every
Joes	Sweethearts
Ingle	Fire

K

Keek	Look
Kebbuck	Cheeſe

Kent na	Knew not
Kirnſtaff	Churnſtaff
Kittle	Difficult
Ky	Cows

L

Lapper'd	Curdled
Lave	The reſt
Laverock	Lark
Lealeſt	Sureſt
Lear'd	Learned
Leem	Loom
Lightlying	Deſpiſing
Ligs	Lies
Lounder	Severe blow
Lows'd	Looſed
Lugs	Ears

M

Melin	Farm
Mirk	Dark
Miſhaunter	Miſhap
Mou	Mouth

N

Nicker	Neigh
Nook	Corner

O

Ohon	Alas
Orrow	Spare
Owſen	Oxen

P

Paiks	Strokes
Parridge	Pottage
Pawky	Cunning
Pleys	Diſcords
Pow	Head
Prie	To taſte
Priggin	Intreating
Protty	Pretty
Puddocks	Frog

Q

Quean	Dame

R

Rair	Roar
Raggit	Rugged
Rang	Reigned
Ranting	Briſk
Rigs	Ridges
Rowt	To make a noiſe
Rowting	Lowing
Rue	Repent
Rucks	Stacks
Rug	Good bargain

S

Sair	Sore
Sair'd	Serv'd
Saul	Soul
Sautit mart	Salted bull or cow
	Scald

Scald	Scold
Scant	Scarce
Scantlins	Scarcely
Scour	Make clean
Scour'd	Ran
Scrimp	Spare
Scud	Run
Soum	Swim
Seenil	Seldom
Shanks	Stockings
Shank	Walk
Shoon	Shoes
Sicker	Sure
Siller	Money
Slae black	Sloe black
Sleek	Smooth
Steepit	Socked
Souple	Pliant
Sowf	A low whiſtle
Smaeſt	Smalleſt
Snodit	Kept in order
Snowt	Forehead
Spae-wives	Fortune-tellers
Spew	Vomit
Spindle-ſhank	Small limbs
Spreckled	Spotted
Springs	Tunes
Spulzie	Spoil
Stamack	Stomach
Stane	A ſtone weight
Stap your wa's	Step your way
Stark	Stout
Starnie	Star
Steghin	Gorging
Steeve	Firm
Stickit	Stabbed
Stown	Stole

Strae	Straw
Straik	Stroke
Strappin	Luſty
Swyth	Haſte

T

Tail of May	End of May
Tauntin	Scoffing
Teem	Empty
Thole	Suffer
Thrawart	Bad temper'd
Thuds	Blows
Tine	Loſe
Toddling	Gently moving
Trigly	Genteely
Trou	Believe
Tulloch Gorum	Name of a tune
Toom	Empty
Tuſk	Tooth
Twin'd	Depriving

U

Unco	Strange

W

Wae	Woe
Wae betide	Woe befall
Wame	Womb
Wanruly	Unruly
Warlock	Wizzard
Wee-anes	Children

Weelfar'dly	Cleverly, with a good grace
Wee ſoup	Small quantity
Weet	Moiſture
Weir	War
Weirlike	Warlike
Weer	Wire
Whiſht	Be ſilent
Willawins	Well-a day
Wizzen	Throat
Wook	Week
Wreath	Spirit
Wud	Mad
Wylie	Cunning

Y

Yellochin	Screaming
Yelp	To make a noiſe
Yence	Once
Yird	Earth
Youf'd	Barked
Yule-day	Chriſtmas

FINIS.

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